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THREE LECTURES
On the Revolt of the Bengal Army
in 1857.

By one who passed through those
TRAGICAL DARK DAYS
OF
MUTINY AND MASSACRE.
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Preamble.

The Revolt of the Bengal Army in 1857.

These three Lectures on the Indian Mutiny were delivered some years ago and printed at the request of those who heard them.

As that edition has long ago been exhausted and a number of friends wish to have fresh copies, they are now reprinted in the hope that they may help to exhibit the real Cause of that event in a true light and prove a salutary warning to avoid a false and faithless policy in our dealings with the people of India.

There are important events in the history of nations that no length of time can efface, and at least, as far as India is concerned, that great Revolution of 1857 has left an indelible impress upon this country and the lessons taught are worthy of serious consideration.

As the volumes published on the Mutiny are both too ponderous and expensive for many to purchase and peruse, and as these Lectures describe many tragic events which came under the immediate notice of the writer, it is possible that the facts may lend additional interest to what is here recorded of the Mutiny of 1857.

1872
JAN 10

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

First Lecture.

This Lecture traces the progress of the Revolt from the first overt act of outbreak on the 24th of January 1857 in Barrackpore, to the more open outburst of the storm on the 10th of May in Meerut, and the capture of the city of Delhi by mutinous rebels on the following day.

I shall first of all endeavour to describe what I consider to have been the chief *Cause* of the Revolt of the Bengal army and while I freely admit that several events tended to foster discontentment, yet I maintain that the principal one was the policy adopted by the E. I. Company with regard to religious prejudices of the sepoys.

This I venture to think is well established by the facts now about to be related.

There were, however, several other opinions given and among them the following :—Some said, that *Russia* had done it all. While it is highly probable that the Russian bear would gladly clutch our Indian dominions from under the powerful paw of the British Lion, if he *could* do it, I do not think that it was this prowling bear that caused the sepoys to revolt.

Another opinion was, that the sepoys had taken fright at the spread of the Gospel in India and that the Missionaries were at the bottom of all the mischief.

This opinion is easily refuted if we but consider for a moment that the Hindoos, whose religion consists of outward forms and ceremonies only, have no fear whatever of moral suasion or of those spiritual weapons by which alone Christianity is promulgated. Missionaries may preach and pray as long as they please, they may plead and persuade to their hearts' content, and the ritualistic Hindoo will remain as stolid as a stone.

But only let him suspect that any attempt is made to defile his *mouth*, and thus break his caste, or that he is in any way led to transgress the traditions of his Fathers, and he will at once be alarmed. Of the power of the "sword of the Spirit," he is in blissful ignorance, and his dread is, lest by means of some *outward, bodily* act, he may be defiled and lose both his caste and creed together. Why, therefore, should any Hindoo or Mahomedan be terrified at the preaching of the Gospel? No—this could not be the Cause of the alarm.

Some supposed that the Mutiny was caused by the lack of due discipline in the native army and that our English Officers had lost touch with the sepoys they commanded.

Others attributed the Mutiny to the last Act of Lord Dalhousie before he left India:—viz, the annexation of Oudh in 1856.

Lord Dalhousie was a strong Governor, and some of the stringent measures which he adopted were no doubt displeasing, to both the Princes and the People of India, as well as to the native army. His numerous annexations created no small stir among Indian Princes and especially so, the annexation of Oudh. He abolished the franking of sepoy letters—he sanctioned the change of a number of military usages which created discontent. He asked a native Regiment to go to Burmah on service in 1852 and punished it for disobedience. These and other strong measures did, no doubt, cause considerable disaffection, and added to the fumes which were already smouldering in the sepoy lines, but they were not the *direct* cause of the outbreak which was now at hand, though they may have tended to hasten on the day of wrath.

Where, then, are we to seek the *direct* Cause of the catastrophe?

Let me first of all show how it came to pass that the Native army grew *suspicious* of a secret design upon its caste and religious customs.

I have no hesitation in saying that the suspicions of the Bengal Army were fostered, by the false policy which the East India Company adopted from the beginning of its rule in India.

That policy was one of cringing concessions to the religious prejudices of the sepoys. The country had been gained and was held chiefly through the aid of the Native Army, and the great object of the East India Company was to avoid any measure that was likely to give offence and to adopt any policy that would please the troops, who were the chief guardians of the Company's lucrative interests in the land.

This was done at the expense of ignoring the living God, of opposing the Gospel of Christ and of sacrificing self respect by pampering idolatry, and offering gifts to gods in which they had no faith. And strange to say (if strange too), that the effect was the *very opposite* to that which it was intended to produce. The sepoys no doubt liked the concessions and apparent approval of idolatry, but the thing was so overdone, that they soon began to suspect that Christian (?) Rulers could never be so friendly to idolatry without some ulterior design upon a religion which they professed to countenance, but in which they did not actually believe.

The great majority of the Bengal Army consisted of bigoted Brahmins and high caste Rajpoots. When these men saw that concessions were made to their gods, which could not be expected from honest Christians, they began to think that there was a dishonest design and that the object was to put them off their guard in order some day to take them by surprise, and make Christians of them in a body. The sepoys could reason like other men and they could not possibly understand how Christian Rulers could honestly oppose their own religion and pamper another in which they had no faith.

They saw all this done The servants of the East India Company, with few honourable exceptions, did all they possibly could to keep the Bible and the Missionaries of the Gospel out of Bengal

Several messengers of Christ were ignominiously expelled from Calcutta, and the few who managed to stay, had to seek shelter under the friendly flag of the Danes at Serampore.

On the other hand idolatry was petted and patronized on every hand. The Company sanctioned large offerings to the shrines of the gods. Brahmins had permission to draw on the Company's treasuries to meet the expenses of idol festivals. Idolatrous processions were graced by the presence of the highest officials, and gifts to the gods were given by the Governors in person. Lord Clive made an offering of 1050 gold pagodas at an idol temple. Lord Auckland presented a grand offering at the Golden Temple at Amritsar in company with Rajah Runjeet Singh.

Three thousand yards of the finest English broad cloth were sent annually from the Company's stores in Calcutta to adorn the stump of "*Juggernat*" in Orissa. The sepoy's had the free use of British guns and powder to fire salutes to the honor of the gods, and the standards of the Company's Regiments were flaunted in triumph before the idols, as the troops shouted "*Jai Seeta Ram*"!! "*Jai Radha Krishna*"!! "*Victory to Seeta Ram, &c.*"

In the year 1802, the Rev. Mr. Ward of Serampore thus writes in his diary.

"Last week a deputation from the Government went in procession to Kalee Ghat and made a thank offering to this goddess of the Hindoos, in the name of the Company, for the success which the English have lately obtained in this country. Five thousand rupees were offered, several thousand natives witnessed the English presenting their offerings to this idol. We have been much grieved at this act, in which the natives exult over us." Kalee Ghat in the northern suburb of the Metropolis is the most opulent and popular idolatrous shrine within many miles of Calcutta.

Commanding officers were required to make all necessary arrangements for military displays at idol festivals, and to the

honour of Sir Perigrine Maitland, then Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, be it said, that rather than submit to such humiliating proceedings, that officer nobly gave up his high position in the Army.

It is indeed refreshing to find one faithful soul, in the midst of so many faithless ones, in those days of cringing concessions.

And now mark the contrast in the Company's procedure towards Christianity. It happened that a godly chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Fisher, had been the means of the conversion of a Brahmin sepoy, who used to visit him at his house, in Meerut, no sooner was the convert baptized than an order came from head quarters to turn him out of the Army in disgrace, while the chaplain received a sharp reproof for his conduct as well as a threat, that any repetition of such misdemeanour would cost him his dismissal from the Company's service.

Now I ask, with all this and much more like it, staring us in the face, is it to be wondered at that the native army lost faith in the sincerity of its rulers?

The people of India have a well known proverb to this effect.

"No man will scatter grain on the ground without an object in view."

The idolatrous indulgences so lavishly bestowed by the officers of the Company began to be looked upon as so much grain given to feed the birds in order some day quietly to catch them in a snare. And thus every fresh concession only made the sepoys more and more suspicious while it also put them on their guard lest some day they should be caught in a secret snare that would corrupt their caste and destroy their religion.

To this pampering policy we may, I think, justly trace the very roots of that blighting upas tree which ultimately brought forth the bitter fruits of secret suspicion, as well as the revolt

of the Bengal Army. The sepoys being thus primed with doubt and fear were in a susceptible mood to give credence to all the wild rumours that floated about as to the intention of Government to take away their caste and destroy their religion.

All that was now necessary was the vital spark which was to set the whole army in a blaze of open revolt.

Several sparks did fly about, before the fatal one which fell with such terrific explosion upon the mine so fully charged with combustible materials. Shortly after Wajid Ali, the quondam King of Oudh, had been sent to his quiet retreat at Garden Reach in Calcutta, the atmosphere became charged with lying rumours to prejudice the people of India against the Government.

Let me just mention a few of the squibs which flew about at the time, and which no doubt came from plotting parasites of the disappointed courtiers of the King of Oudh, as well as the Moslem Court of Delhi and the Wahabees of Patna.

Shortly after the arrival of Lord Canning in Calcutta, a rumour spread abroad that the new Governor was a very zealous Christian and that he had promised the Queen before he left England, that he would make Christians of all the people of India within three years. Silly as this story was, it was credited by many, and caused no small stir in the Bengal Army. The next story circulated was this. It was said that the Government had given orders to sprinkle the blood of pigs and cows on all the salt sold to the people in the bazaar. This was followed by another story, which stated that in future all the natives would have to buy their flour for bread from the Government Stores, and that bone dust had been mixed up with this flour in order to destroy the caste of the people.

For several months the social atmosphere was charged with such rumours as these, and they produced no small terror among the masses of India, who are always more ready to swallow a muntain of lie than a grain of truth. These stories, however,

were not *the* vital spark which at last exploded the mutinous mine of the suspicious Bengal Army. The sepoys thought that they had stronger reasons than these for their suspicion, they knew that there were Military Jails and Hospitals and they supposed that these had been set up by the Government for the special purpose of getting all classes of people to partake of the same food and the same medicine, and thus quietly destroy their caste. On one occasion a Doctor was seen to put a bottle of medicine to his mouth before he gave it to a sick sepoy and this simple act created no small alarm among the native soldiers.

Changes also had been introduced into the style of the sepoy uniform, which was another cause of suspicion. After this came a more serious affair. Lord Dalhousie in 1852 had asked the 38th Bengal infantry to go to Burmah (as I said before) but even *he* did not venture to compel them to go on foreign service, for he knew that that would be against their caste and creed. Now, however, an order comes from General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, who was in happy ignorance of this strong prejudice of the natives, that in future all recruits for the Bengal Army would have to swear their willingness to go any where by sea or land where their services would be required.

This was a deadly blow to the prejudice of the high caste Brahmin, who can neither cook nor eat his food except on purified Indian soil. The horror of an orthodox Hindoo to "*Kala Pani*" or the "blue sea" is equalled only by transportation for life to an Englishman, but of all this both the new Viceroy and the new Commander-in-Chief seemed to have been in blissful ignorance.

There was now but one more straw required to break the camel's back, and that was some tangible overt act by which to destroy the sepoy's caste, and this they felt sure was now furnished by the notorious *greased cartridge* about to be issued for the use of the army,

Three years before when it was proposed to introduce the Minie rifle to India, Adjutant-General Tucker had warned the Government against the great danger of issuing greased cartridges to the sepoy army, but strange to say this warning was not heeded at head quarters. And now the Enfield rifle was introduced. The cartridges had not only to be wrapped up in greased paper, but they had also *to be put into the mouth* to bite off the top with the teeth in the act of loading.

To an orthodox Hindoo, whose mouth is the "*sanctum sanctorum*" of his caste, and who every morning spends about an hour purifying this holy temple with a sprig from a holy *Neem Tree*, and who requires a new tooth-brush every time the operation is repeated, the bare idea of putting greased paper into his mouth would be shocking beyond description, and at once the utter ruin of all his religion.

It would appear that at first the sepoys were not aware that the new cartridges had been greased, and a few of them seemed to have made use of them for a time, but a simple accident happened one day at Dum Dum near the Arsenal where the greased cartridges were being made, which fell like a thunderbolt on the Bengal Army. One of the low caste lascars had come from the Arsenal to a well, where a Brahmin sepoy was drinking water. The lascar asked the sepoy for a drink and the proud Brahmin indignantly replied ; "What, do you think I'd let a low caste man like you drink out of my Lota ? " "Indeed," said the lascar sneeringly, "you need not be so particular about your caste. You will all soon have to bite cartridges covered with pig's lard and cow's fat, and where will your pretty caste be then ?" With this the lascar left, but he had let drop a sentence, which lighted a match that set in a blaze the whole Bengal Army, and which soon kindled a fire of fury and provoked a rank revolt from one end of India to another.

And now mark—can we not here see the natural fruits of the faithless policy of the late East India Company ?

Had that Company pursued an honest and honorable course by letting the people of India see that while they would in no way interfere with the religious prejudices of the natives, yet that they could not allow themselves or their policy to prove unfaithful to their Christian principles, the high probability is that the Company would have reigned to the present day, and that the Bengal Army would never have mutinied.

How true it is that "honesty is the best policy," that "we reap that which we sow," and that we often "make rods to whip our own backs," yea and more, has not God told us "them that honour me, I will honour, and they who despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

Far be it from me to advocate a proselytizing policy to any Government, for rulers should limit their rule within the circles of secular and political affairs, but when rulers who profess one religion pretend to advocate another quite different from their own, and that from selfish and sinister motives, is it to be wondered at that such a faithless policy should bring upon its promoters that just and terrible retribution which it so richly deserves? And should we not learn a lesson from this? Should not this glaring fault and terrible punishment of our late rulers in India prove a solemn warning to our present Government to rule in righteousness, to be true, and faithful and just. Not only to the people of the land, but also to the Great God whom we profess to reverence and adore, and by whose grace and for whose glory the British Government holds sway over the teeming millions of India.

From the premises now laid down, regarding the *Cause* of the Mutiny, there are certain deductions or inferences which it may be well to touch upon before we proceed further.

One inference is this. It seems evident that the Mutiny of the sepoy was *not a voluntary act*, but that they were driven to revolt by circumstances over which they had no control. I have no wish to pose in public as an apologist for the crimes

and cruelties of these infatuated men; at the same time we should not forget that they were acting under a frenzy of fear, in which they were perfectly sincere.

They were, as a body, overwhelmed with a mysterious dread that the Government had resolved by a deeply-laid plot to corrupt their religion, and nothing less than such a fatal dread could possibly have driven them into a revolt, which they well knew would involve the *utter* ruin of all their secular prospects.

They had a profession which was easy and honorable and well suited to their pride of caste and social position. Many of them were old men, holding high positions in the army, who had seen long years of service, and who would soon be able to retire on a comfortable pension. So that it was to their interest to prove true to their salt and loyal to their masters. True, there may have been some black sheep among the flock who thought they would have gained more by rebellion than by loyalty. But it is pretty sure that the great majority of the sepoys regarded the Mutiny as a terrible calamity, which they sincerely deplored, and a misfortune which they heartily deprecated. It is a well known fact that many of them confessed, with tears of sorrow, that they were swept away on the crest of this rushing flood of revolt over which they had no control.

It is true that once the dye had been cast, there was no going back, and also true that these very men were provoked to dark deeds of cruelty and crime against the English who had, as they believed, brought all this ruin upon them. This, however, does not change the fact that they could not have *wished* for a storm that involved to them the loss of all but their religion. Nor can we help admiring their devotion to their religion, for the sake of which they were prepared to make such an immense sacrifice, and in this they have set us a noble example.

Another inference that may be drawn is this. It seems now evident that the Bengal Army was driven to revolt by the crooked policy of the Company, or the Court of Directors, who above

all others, were anxious to keep them contented and loyal. It is true that the loyalty of the sepoys was tampered with by designing men who hoped to profit by a military revolt. It is also true that lying stories were invented and scattered abroad to terrify the troops, but these things alone would never have induced them to risk their earthly all, on a single chance of revolt, against a power which they must have felt was more than they could ultimately conquer.

We therefore conclude, that it was the pampering policy of the Company, followed by a number of military changes, intended to prove the efficiency of the Native Army, but regarded with strong suspicion by the sepoys, that did all the mischief.

If it be asked what motive could the sepoy attribute to his rulers for thus acting, the answer the sepoy would give is the following :—to get them to go on foreign service by breaking their caste, to make them robust and daring soldiers, by getting them to eat beef and drink beer, and perhaps above all, that the Company may win the favour of their own God by converting so many Hindoos to the Christian religion.

We have in this double drama a scene which appears strange and mysterious, but the solution of the perplexing problem may be found in the fact that, both the East India Company and the Bengal Army had now become a *dead block* to the real progress and prosperity of India, and as such they were both swept away. Neither the one nor the other intended it, but they were both made the means of their own destruction. The Company which had furnished the combustible materials with which to charge this mine of revolt, as well the sepoys who by their mutiny set it on fire, worked out the end of their own destruction, and the moral which we may learn from the wreck and ruin of both is this ;—“ *Be sure thy sins will find thee out.*”

I will now proceed to a brief sketch of the rapid Progress which the Mutiny made in Bengal and show how utterly unprepared we were to meet such an unexpected catastrophe.

The East India Company had such implicit confidence in their petted sepoys, that they had left the country almost entirely in their charge. While we had in and around Calcutta some 5,000 native troops, there was but a single regiment of British soldiers (the 52nd Foot) which was divided between Fort William and the Arsenal at Dum Dum, some five miles off, nor had we another English soldier between Calcutta and Dinapore in the North-West, a distance of 500 miles. No wonder the sepoys felt that they had the country at their disposal.

In the Cantonment of Barrackpore, some sixteen miles from Calcutta, we had four native regiments, the 34th, 43rd, 70th and the 2nd Grenadiers. The withering taunt of the lascar at Dum Dum soon reached the sepoys at Barrackpore, and about the same time a number of conspirators appeared in the place, who instigated the troops to rise against the Government, saying that secret plots were hatching to destroy their caste and make them Christians. These rumours, added to the taunt of the lascar, created quite a furore among the sepoys, the first fruit of which was soon visible in the burning down of the Telegraph Office on the 24th of January, the object no doubt being to cut off direct communication with Calcutta. This was the first overt act of the Mutiny. Still the troops hesitated to break out and on the 24th of February a detachment of the 34th N. I. was sent to Berampore, 120 miles North-West of Calcutta. These men soon spread the alarm among the native troops of that station, and the greased cartridge question was especially discussed and caused great excitement. The 19th N. I. then stationed at Berampore, brooding over these ill reports, refused the next day to receive cartridges for practice on Parade. Col. Mitchell did his best to calm them saying that the cartridges served out were the very same sort that the Native Army had used for the past hundred years.

This was perfectly true, but the troops were so excited and alarmed, that they had not only lost self-control, but they had also lost faith in the integrity of their officers, and it was only

after a threat of a Court Martial that they at last accepted the ammunition for practise the following morning. That night, however, they had serious consultations in the lines, and so powerfully had their fears wrought upon their excited minds, that about midnight they rose in a body, and in a fit of fanatical frenzy they rushed to their arms, with a yell of defiance to the Company to destroy their caste.

The noise having attracted the attention of their officers, an attempt was made to quell the fears of the troops, and only after a long persuasion, Colonel Mitchell at last succeeded to get them to pile arms and return to their lines, while they absolutely refused to touch the cartridges. Here we have strong fears excited without the least ground for it. The cartridges at Berampore were absolutely innocent, but the sepoy had lost confidence in the honesty of rulers who had been dishonest to their own faith. The news of this new outbreak reached Calcutta on the 4th of March, but Government felt powerless to punish, as it was well known that the troops at Barrackpore were equally ready to revolt, and we had not sufficient power to disarm or dismiss the rebels.

Lord Canning now felt that it was time to look for aid, so he hastened a steamer off to Rangoon, to bring back with all speed, H. M.'s 84th Foot to Calcutta.

The sepoy in the meanwhile kept brooding over their grievances, and the fire of the Mutiny went on smouldering more and more.

Mutinous meetings were held night after night at Barrackpore. The Government was aware of the danger, but were not ready to act until the arrival of the 84th from Rangoon, which took place on the 20th of March. An order was then issued to bring down the refractory 19th N. I. to Barrackpore to be disarmed and dismissed the service. On the 30th of March this regiment arrived at Barasset a few miles from Barrackpore; the day before, however, a sad event had taken place at Barrackpore Cantonments. A sepoy of the 34th Regiment whose name was "Mungul Pandey," made a

mad rush at Lieut. Baugh, quite close to the quarter guard, and not one of the sepoys interposed. Mungul Pandey first of all fired a shot—which may be called the *first* shot of the Mutiny—when this failed to hit, he rushed on with his sword and wounded the officer severely, yelling in a frantic frenzy “Death to the men who wish to take our caste.” This showed that the men of the 34th were ripe for open revolt. They had sent a deputation to the 19th at Barasset to tell them that H.M.’s 84th Foot had been sent for to force the sepoys, at the cannon’s mouth, to bite the greased cartridge. This deputation proposed to the 19th that they should rise that evening, kill all their officers and march on that night to Barrackpore, where the troops there would join them ; to burn the station, secure the guns and march straight on for Calcutta before the English would be aware of their coming.

Providentially for us, these proposals were not accepted by the 19th Regiment. If they had been, the probability is that the people of Calcutta would have been slaughtered wholesale and Fort William taken by surprise. The next day the 19th was marched into Barrackpore and in the presence of H. M.’s 84th the regiment was paid up and disbanded. Many of the men showed signs of deep contrition, but it was too late to offer pardon for gross military disobedience.

The next act of Government was to mete out punishment to Mungul Pandey who had cut down Lieut. Baugh. Both he and the native officer in charge of the guard were hung, and Government began to hope that the worst of the storm had blown over and orders were actually issued for H.M.’s 84th to be sent back to Rangoon. The very night before this Regiment was to leave fires began to blaze furiously at Barrackpore, and ominous reports came in thick and fast from the North-West, informing the Government that the whole Native Army seemed ripe for open revolt.

At Agra a long range of barracks had been burnt down, and the sepoys had refused help to quench the fire. At Sialkot, letters full of treason were discovered from Barrackpore, while the sepoys

at Amballa, Meerut, Delhi, Benares and Lucknow were in a state of furious excitement. At Lucknow the panic was intense, and some of the sepoys had openly insulted their officers. Four mutineers entered the house of Lieut. Meham on the 3rd of May and told him to prepare for death.

He being taken by surprise and seeing that resistance was useless, courageously said, "Well I am unarmed and you may kill me, but that will do you no good." The Sepoys were so overawed by his cool courage, that they left the house without touching the brave officer.

Sir Henry Lawrence was then the Commissioner of Oudh; he was no doubt one of the ablest as well as the most godly officers in India. He from the beginning saw the great danger to which the country was exposed and he at once took stringent measures to suppress the revolt of the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry, who were on the point of Mutiny.

They were taken by surprise, in the presence of an irresistible force. They were ordered to lay down their arms as the port fires of the Artillery were lighted to blow them off the ground in case of resistance; seeing this they were seized with a perfect panic and began to cry out, "Do not fire, do not fire." They gave up their arms, and mad with terror they rushed away. So promptly did Sir Henry Lawrence put down the Mutiny in Lucknow, that had we but men of the same stamp as this Hero, to deal thus promptly with mutinous rebels all over the country, the probability is that the flames of revolt, already kindled, would have been speedily extinguished.

But this *was not to be*, the cup of the Company's sins was now full, and the day of Retribution was close at hand.

Lord Canning seems to have learnt a lesson from the promptitude and courage of Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, and he resolved to get rid of another Regiment, that was mad with the spirit of Mutiny

H. M.'s 84th was again ordered to Barrackpore with two batteries of Artillery, and on the morning of the 6th of May the 34th N. I. was paid up and disbanded. Up to this date only two Regiments of the Regular Bengal Army had been guilty of overt acts of mutiny, and as this danger had now been got rid of, the Government fondly hoped that the crisis had passed, and that the rest of the Sepoys would now quiet down to regular duty. By this time, however, the fire of revolt had spread too far, and the ferment of fear had gone down too deep into the suspicious minds of the sepoy to enable them to cast off the terrible panic which had taken hold, more or less, of the whole Army ; while at the same time our Government did not use the most successful means to allay the panic.

There is an old heathen adage that "the gods infatuate those they are about to destroy" and one cannot but see something like strange infatuation in the conduct of our Rulers at this terrible crisis. There is no doubt that the greased cartridge was, above all things, *the* bug-bear which terrified the Sepoys, and yet it was only after this object of terror had been refused again and again by the troops that orders were issued to keep it back; and even when this was done, no explanation was offered to the terrified soldiers.

Had our Government, even then, had the courage and the honesty to tell the men that these cartridges *were* greased, in order to facilitate the loading of the Enfield Rifle and not for the purpose of breaking their caste; had they said that they need not use the Rifle if they objected to the cartridges, the probability is that the alarm of the Sepoys would have passed away. But this was not done, and strange to say after both the disastrous examples at Barrackpore and at Berampore the fatal blunder of pressing the cartridges on the troops was again repeated at Meerut, when the whole Army was set into one terrific blaze of open revolt.

This station (Meerut) was then one of the largest Cantonments in India, and the Sepoys there had for some time been convulsed with strange whispers of a secret design to destroy the caste of the

Native Army. The usual signs of discontentment in the way of burning houses and insulting Europeans had been apparent for some time, and it was clear that the Native troops there, and especially so the 3rd Cavalry (composed chiefly of Mahomedan Troopers) were ripe for revolt. We had then in Meerut a strong English force, the 60th Rifles, the 6th Carbiniers, two troops of Horse Artillery and a Light Field Battery. There were also the 11th and 20th N. I. and the 3rd Native Cavalry. Beside the evil rumours which were abroad in other stations, about bone dust being mixed with flour, and salt saturated with blood, the troops at Meerut were told that * ghee was adulterated with hog's lard and cow's fat, and that the flesh of cows and pigs had been thrown into wells to pollute the water, and to confirm it all, mysterious flat cakes or "*chappates*," had been passed on by secret hands from place to place to warn the people that their caste was in danger. Then came the terrible report of the greased cartridges, which was taken as a sure sign of a deep-laid plot to pollute the whole Native Army. The other stories might have been simple rumours, but the Sepoys felt that, in the cartridges they had a palpable proof of a secret design to corrupt their caste.

On the 24th of April a parade was held to serve out cartridges to a company of the 3rd Native Cavalry. Out of 90 troopers five only obeyed orders, and 85 refused to touch the unclean thing. This disobedience resulted in a Court Martial, by which the 85 troopers were condemned to be imprisoned with hard labour for periods varying from six to ten years, according to their time of service. This terrible sentence was to be carried out on the 9th of May, when a full parade was ordered. The 85 troopers were stripped of their uniform, put into irons, and marched off to prison, these men reproached their comrades for suffering them to be thus disgraced on account of their religion, and no doubt every Sepoy present on that parade was burning with indignation.

Now mark; another strange blunder, instead of putting these rebels under a strong European guard, all that was done

* Clarified butter.

was to add a few Sepoys to the Police that were guarding the jail. This was Saturday the 9th of May 1857. All that night the Sepoys were full of fury, and before morning, they had matured their plan to rise in a body on the following Sabbath Day. They sent off messengers to the troops at Delhi to warn them to be ready to join them on the following Monday or Tuesday. Their plan was to rise on Sunday while the Europeans would be in Church ; open the Jails, fire the Station, slaughter all the Christians they could and march off to Delhi. By Sunday afternoon all was ready for the terrible Drama and strange to say, no precautions had been taken by the authorities for the safety of the Station. English officers and soldiers were about to go to evening service at Church, and if the fury of the foe could have been restrained for another hour the slaughter would have been terrific. Just before Church time the storm burst forth in terrible fury. As the sun was about to set, a frantic uproar was heard in the Sepoy lines, with volley after volley of musketry, crashing in the air, mingled with fiendish yells and frantic howlings. The English were surprised and some asked—"What is it ? Is it fire ?" Yes, it was fire, and blood too.

It was the *Springing of that Mine* which for years had been filling with the dynamite of suspicion and doubt, and which now exploded with a terrific crash:—

THE BENGAL ARMY HAD REVOLTED.

And now mark, where did this terrible occurrence take place ? It was in the very Station. Yea more, it was on the very Parade ground on which some years before, a Brahman Sepoy convert, *Pruthoo Deen Pundah*, of the 25th N. I. had been dismissed in disgrace from the Army for the Crime of becoming a Christian, and that by the orders of our professedly Christian Rulers !

Can we not in this significant coincidence trace the just retribution of God on men who cowardly dishonoured His Son, and who cruelly disgraced a native convert by sacrificing him to the bigotry of a heathen army, which army the Company feared more than God and which army God now makes use of to destroy their Mammon idol and to wipe their name clean out of India.

It is indeed a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God, and the Rulers of this earth as well as private persons would do well to bear in mind that they cannot practise a false and a faithless policy without in due time being overwhelmed by that terrible *Nemesis* of just Retribution, which ever follows in the wake of wrong doing.

I will not harrow your feelings by any detailed account of the fearful ravages which the mutineers, the prisoners from the jails, to the number of fifteen hundred, along with the vile rabble from the bazaar, committed at Meerut on that terrible Sunday night. Suffice it to say, that after burning down all the houses they could and killing a number of Christians, the mutineers marched off to Delhi and it seems passing strange that the Military authorities in Meerut made no attempt whatever to follow them up, though we had some 2,000 English troops in the station beside the Artillery.

One cannot but think that our Military officers at Meerut must have been paralyzed with a strange panic, for they acted as if some mysterious dread had overwhelmed them so that they were not able to move.

Humanly speaking they might well have cut up the mutineers to a man, long before they had reached Delhi. But strange to say *they did nothing* ! Half a century before this, that gallant officer, Gillespie, with one Regiment of Dragoons and a few galloper guns had crushed the Mutiny at Vellore and saved the South of India from a general revolt.

But neither General Hewitt commanding the station of Meerut, nor Brigadier Wilson in charge of the Royal Artillery, made the slightest move to follow up the murderous mutineers while marching on to Delhi on that terrible Sunday night. This was the *only* chance now left to quench the flame of revolt, but it was not taken and the consequence was, soon the whole country was enveloped in one terrible blaze of rebellion.

Who can tell but that this strange supineness of our Military officers at Meerut may be attributed to an *unseen power*, to allow the revolt to spread, for purposes beyond the ken of human sagacity.

We know that the revolt of Israel from King Rehoboam had in it the hand of God, and in the revolt of the Bengal Army that same God, had doubtless His own wise purposes to accomplish, for He can cause the wrath of man to praise Him, and bring good out of evil.

While it would seem evident, that the revolt of this petted army, was a just retribution from God, yet it is worthy of notice, how wonderfully *mercy* was blended with justice in this event, in which also we cannot but trace the hand of God.

Shortly after the suppression of the Mutiny the Supreme Government appointed Mr. Cracroft Wilson to make special enquiries into the cause and origin of the Mutiny. He found out that there was a secret compact between the Sepoys, that the Bengal Army should rise *in a body* on the Lord's Day, the 31st of May. This was the fatal day for which they were all waiting, and had not this appointed time been precipitated in consequence of the punishment inflicted upon the 85 mutinous troopers at Meerut by which the mutinous mine exploded three weeks before the time that had been fixed, the probability is, that few English people then in India would have escaped with their lives. Beside which, all the Forts and Arsenals in the North-West and the Punjab would have fallen into the hands of the Native

troops by whom they were garrisoned, and what a calamity this would have been. It was from the Forts of Ferozepore and Phillour in the Punjab, that we got our siege guns and ammunition to re-take Delhi, and had the forts of Agra and Allahabad, which proved a refuge for some seven thousand Christians in the Mutiny, fallen into the enemies' hands, not one of these refugees would have escaped alive, but God in judgment remembered mercy.

The mutineers from Meerut arrived at Delhi early on the morning of Monday the 11th of May, they forded the river, and were allowed to enter the city by a gate under the King's palace who is said to have given them a hearty welcome. We had then in Delhi no British force, while there were three Regiments of Native troops, the 38th, 54th, 74th and a battery of Native Artillery. These Sepoys knew that the mutineers were coming and as soon as they were led to the city to resist the rebels, they shot down their officers, and joined the Meerut troops. The first move they now made was to march through the city to massacre the Christians, and the first to suffer death was Mr. Fraser, the Governor-General's Agent, and Captain Douglas, Commanding the Guard of the puppet King of Delhi. Mr. Jennings the Chaplain and his daughter who had fled to the King for protection were next despatched in the palace. The whole of the city was soon the scene of pitiless massacre. Many were cut up in their houses, others on the way as they fled for refuge. Among these was a native preacher of the Baptist Mission, whose name was Wallayat Ali. This man stood firm to his faith, and though promised that his life would be spared if he would but deny Christ and confess Mahomet, he boldly said "No, no, this I cannot do, Jesus gave His life for me, and if needs be I will give my life for Him." His wife who stood near by, trembling, heard his words and saw him cut down but she was not noticed by the troopers. About six months before this, I had the pleasure to preach in the Delhi bazaar in company with this noble Christian Martyr, and his son is this

day engaged in the Baptist Mission in Delhi. Many of the Europeans in and around Delhi fled for refuge to the Flag Staff Tower, situated on the Ridge west of the city, where Brigadier Graves had managed to rally a few Sepoys who for a short time remained faithful. These trembling refugees were all looking with eager eyes on the road to Meerut, hoping every moment to see our gallant troops crossing the bridge of boats into Delhi. But all in vain. Several weary hours passed by while they still clung to the hope that succour must come from a station only some 35 miles away with a large force of British soldiers.

But about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a remarkable occurrence in the city brought them to a decision to flee for refuge hither and thither as best they could. The occurrence I refer to was a feat of gallant devotion and bravery unsurpassed in the whole range of Military History.

Close by the King's palace in the city was the Delhi Magazine, loaded with vast stores of munitions of war. This Magazine was in charge of Lieut. Willoughby who had with him Lieuts. Forrest and Raynor and six European conductors as well as a native establishment of Lascars. Sir Thomas Metcalfe, the Magistrate of Delhi, had informed Willoughby in the morning that the Meerut mutineers were streaming into the city. Willoughby at once went out with two guns to defend the bridge of boats, but he soon saw that was of no use, as the rebels had got in under the King's palace. He now resolved to hold the Magazine as long as he could, as he felt sure that help would soon come from Meerut. He also made arrangements in case of need, to blow up the Magazine rather than let it fall into the hands of the rebels.

A train of powder was laid to the Arsenal and the walls were planted with grape guns.

For nine long hours, those brave heroes, in the face of tremendous odds defended the Magazine. The rebels at last got

scaling ladders and came swarming in hundreds over the wall. The native staff absconded and when the brave Willoughby saw that further resistance was useless, he made a sign to Conductor Scully to fire the train, which was done in a moment and there was seen a puff of white smoke—a terrific crash as of thunder—a cloud of red dust and the bodies of hundreds of rebels hurled into the air. Not one of that gallant band of devoted heroes expected to escape, and yet strange to say, four out of the nine, though bruised and shattered, did escape with their lives, but the brave Willoughby soon after died of his wounds at Meerut.

This deed of daring devotion shone as a bright star in the midst of the gloom of those dark days of danger and death, and sent a thrill of admiration all through the land. The fugitives at the Flag Staff Tower heard the terrible explosion and knew what had taken place. They now saw that all hope of succour was gone, so they hastened away from the devoted city. Still Brigadier Graves lingered on, and as a very last resort he asked for a volunteer to carry a letter to Meerut soliciting help. Immediately a brave soul stepped forward and said "I will go:" this was Doctor Batson. He dressed himself up as a *Fakir*, took leave of his wife and children, whom he never saw again, he never reached Meerut—but was detected by the colour of his eyes, and killed on the way.

The fugitives from the Flag Staff Tower suffered much from exposure and want, before they reached a place of safety. It is pleasing to be able to say that many of them owed their lives to the kindly compassion of native villagers, some of whom at a great risk sheltered and fed them in their flight for refuge.

In the city of Delhi there were still a number of Christians who had run for refuge into the cellar of a large house where they hid themselves for four days, until they were almost famished. When discovered they were induced to come out on the promise that their lives would be spared, but they were

soon cut down wholesale, and the last of the Delhi Christians slaughtered, when some fifty bodies were heaped upon carts and cast into the river Jumna. Among these victims was the Baptist Missionary John Mackay, who came out to India in the same ship with me in the year 1855.

By the 16th of May it was supposed that there was not a single Christian alive in Delhi, but there was at least one lady, who some 12 months afterwards, related to me her miraculous escape, and it is indeed a wonder,. I shall give a brief account of it.

It was about dark on the fatal day, when she had to run from her hiding place, seeking for refuge in the bushes of the College gardens. She had a baby in her arms, and a trooper shot at her. The bullet killed the babe and wounded her in her arm, she fell down as if dead and there she lay perfectly still from seven till ten at night. Several passing by her gave her a kick and said, "serve you right, Christian pigs." About ten o'clock, thinking that no one was near, she ventured to look round, but as it happened a respectable Mahomedan was close at hand, he said "I thought you were not dead and I came to see you." For some time she made no reply and the man again said. "It is now dark and there are no people about, my house is close by, if you will confide in me I will take you to my home and hide you in my Zenana, but you must come at once and leave the body of the babe here." This was a hard trial, but it was her only chance for life so she went along with him. He was true to his promise and kept her in his house for some three months until at last he feared he might be found out. One afternoon he told her to blacken her face and get ready to go out in a country cart with two of his own women. He instructed them to tell the guards at the gates, that they were the wives of a Mahomedan gentleman going to see friends at a village. As the cart got to the first guard they were challenged but allowed to pass. They now came to the outer gate and the sepoy took up the covering of the cart and looked in

but as they thought they were all Mahomedan women they dropped the curtain and said "pass on." She now felt her heart leap with joy, the cart took her some distance from the walls of the city when she got out and crept along quietly through the ravines towards the Ridge on which our troops were stationed. It was now quite dark, and she waited till the dawn of day when she ran for life towards the British-camp. A soldier on guard saw her approach, and put up his gun to shoot her. She shouted out "Don't fire, I am a Christian Lady dressed in native clothes." When she got into the camp she was taken to the Commandant, who suspecting her to have been a spy from the city and gave orders to put her in the guard room, but after some days it was found out that there were persons in the camp who knew her and having been recognized she was set at liberty and received much kindness. Her name was Mrs. Leeson, and her husband was an officer in the salt department who had been able to escape the rebels as he was out on duty when they entered Delhi.

During the four months and nine days that Delhi was in the possession of the rebels, the North-west Provinces was the scene of sad misery, mutiny and massacre. Regiment after regiment broke out into open revolt, setting fire to the stations, looting the Government Treasuries, killing all the Christians they could and then marching off to Delhi. Before September nearly the whole of the Bengal Army (about 100,000 men) had revolted. And it was computed that about 80,000 of them had assembled at Delhi to fight, as they said, for their religion and to proclaim the puppet king "Bahadur Shah," Emperor of India. Had it not been for the protection offered by the Forts of Agra and Allahabad during this season of danger and death the probability is that all our countrymen in the North-west would have shared the terrible fate of the English at Cawnpore. The Fort in Agra where we numbered some 4,000 refugees was like an island in the midst of raging billows. While the brave Sir Henry Lawrence shut up in the Residency at Lucknow, and

the gallant Sir Hugh Wheeler besieged in his feeble entrenchment at Cawnpore had to contend with overwhelming hosts of frantic enemies, who day by day renewed their attacks like furious waves rushing over a ship stranded on a lee shore. The wonder is not that so many perished in the raging storm, but that so many escaped through the surging billows of this terrible Sepoy cyclone, which now raged with fury from Calcutta to Delhi.

II LECTURE. PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

When the Mutiny broke out I had been in India about two years and I was stationed in the City of Muttra which stands on the river Jumna between Agra and Delhi. The revolt of the Bengal Army came upon us suddenly and unexpectedly, like a "bolt from the blue." Yet the rising storm gave indications of approach, for the barometer of Indian society had for some time been fast falling, which indicated a cyclone close at hand. I had an intimation of the storm some months before it broke out, and so indeed had many others—but it was of no use to report these rumours to the authorities. Those who did so, were pooh poohed, and generally called "croakers" or frightened "old fogies." Our unsuspecting Government would not have it that there was any danger, and most of the officers of the Sepoy army said the same thing, and would swear by the loyalty of their troops, and considered it a libel to doubt their firm allegiance to Government. It appeared as if the authorities, both Civil and Military, had been lulled into pleasant slumbers, but they now slept on the very verge of a terrible volcano.

One day as I was preaching in the Muttra bazaar, several months before the outbreak, a sepoy came up to me and said "*Sahib*, make the most of your time, for it won't last long." I asked him what he meant, and he simply said "Wait a while

and you shall see." It is evident from this that the spirit of revolt was then abroad and that there had been a *set* time fixed for the outbreak. In Muttra itself we had but a company of Sepoys to guard the Treasury and not a single European soldier.

The first news of the mutiny reached me on the night of the 13th of May, when I received a note from a gentleman close by to this effect. "Mutiny in Delhi, all Europeans killed—Rebels on the way here. I'll call for you shortly, be *all* ready and bring any arms you have with you, etc."

This was such startling and unexpected news that it took me some time to believe it. I sent for my native preachers who told me that there were strong rumours in the bazaar about Delhi. Mr. Boyce who sent the note, soon came for me and off we went to the Collector's house. There we found the other Europeans of the station assembled and the question was "what best to do"? The rumour was that a number of rebels were marching down from Delhi on Muttra, and we were in all but ten Englishmen to meet them. Mr. Thornhill the Magistrate said that he could not leave his post, as he had some 5 lakhs of rupees in the Government Treasury. We resolved to stay and see what would turn up, and all that anxious night we kept watch under arms. Every now and then there would be an alarm, but well for us no rebel force appeared.

Next day the English patrols of the Salt line between Muttra and Delhi dropped in, and each one had a tale of what he had heard of the terrible slaughter at Delhi. I went home and slept in my house till the afternoon, when the Magistrate sent word to tell me that I was not safe alone, as the rebels might come at any moment, and cut me down, my house being on the Delhi road. I went over to his house, and I was asked if I would escort a lady into Agra who was afraid to go alone. I could not believe that matters were so serious as they actually were, and hoping to be soon back again at my station, I simply

took with me a carpet bag, left my house in charge of a Christian watchman, who not long after, had to run for his life, when the Mission House and Chapel were both burned down to the ground.

We arrived in Agra early on the morning of the 15th and found our friends there in a state of great alarm. After another day or two, further news came of the revolt at Meerut and the massacre in Delhi, and the impression was that the rebels would soon march down upon Agra. We also found that the Native regiments we had in the station, were by no means reliable, and that they were only waiting a fair chance to revolt. The day before we arrived in Agra, they had quite a panic in the station. It was said that the mutineers had entered the place, and the inhabitants had rushed pell-mell into the Fort. The large gates of the Fort were shut, so they had to try and make their way in as best they could through the wicket gate, through which only one could get in at a time, and to make matters still worse, in the midst of this rush and panic, a corpulent lady stuck fast in this gate-way and blocked up the passage. The people from behind were howling for admission, and this poor lady was hardly pushed on the outside while those inside were vigorously tugging away and the poor thing weeping bitterly. At last they succeeded to clear the way, and when they got inside they found that they had been terrified by a false alarm. So much, however, was their terror, that in great discomfort they slept in the Fort all night, and they found the Sepoys in charge of the Fort anything but civil or polite.

The authorities now saw that it was full time to turn out the native guard and send a company of English soldiers into the Fort. It does indeed appear strange that at such a crisis as this our only places of defence should have been left in the hands of our enemies, but so it was, until some panic aroused the authorities to a sense of danger.

As news came in of new mutinies of different stations,

Mr. Colvin the Lieut.-Governor thought it well to send to Muttra for the five lakhs of rupees in the Government Treasury, and two companies of Sepoys were sent on this duty in charge of English Officers. The native guard at the Muttra Treasury were not willing to give up the money, but after some quiet talk with their comrades they consented to put up the money into the carts sent for it. When the Officers gave orders to march back to Agra the Sepoys fired at them. One was killed on the spot, but the other (a son of Mr. Colvin) narrowly escaped, spurred his horse, and galloped with all his might into Agra. Muttra was soon in a blaze, all European residences were burned down, the Jail was opened and the money was carried off to Delhi.

Mr. Thornhill the Magistrate and the few Europeans that were with him had a narrow escape of their lives, but found their way into Agra. An attempt was made to rescue the treasure, but as the troops from the native States near Muttra did not prove faithful, our Officers did not succeed.

It was well for us that the news of this mutiny at Muttra reached the authorities in Agra before the Native regiments got a clue of it, for we afterwards found that the understanding was, that as soon as the Agra troops would hear of a successful revolt in Muttra, they would rise in a body, burn down the station and march off to Delhi. We had in Agra the 44th and 65th N. I. and only about six hundred English soldiers in the 3rd Europeans, with a troop of Artillery.

Now came an important crisis. The authorities wisely resolved to disarm the Native troops at once before they could hear of the mutiny in Muttra. At 3 o'clock in the morning of the 1st June a notice came round to all the English residents to hasten off at once to the "rendêzvous" appointed in case of a sudden alarm.

This was all we were told, and we knew nothing of the cause of this alarming order, our fear was that the Native troops

had mutinied during the night. I shall never forget the sad scene of confusion and alarm I witnessed that morning as family after family hurried into the premises of the "Mofusselite Press" where we were assembled. Ladies and children were huddled together in the greatest terror. The men were asked to take up arms to be ready for defence. Some of us knew but little about shooting and I remember Mr. French, afterwards Bishop of Lahore, saying, that he would be much more useful in comforting the ladies and children than in handling a gun about, which he knew nothing.

For about three hours we were kept in an agony of suspense, but at last about the dawn of day were told that the danger was over, for the Native troops had now *been disarmed*.

The two regiments had been ordered out in the presence of our few English soldiers and the Artillery. They were ordered to pile arms.

This was a very critical moment, far more critical than the authorities were aware of at the time. At the first order the Sepoys demurred to obey, and they seemed petrified with fear. The second order was given to pile arms, and again they refused. They were now told that if they would not obey the third call, that the artillery would open fire on them, and an order was given to light the port fires. The regiments had been so arranged that one volley from the Battery would have done terrible execution. This they no doubt could see, and as they were ordered to pile arms the third time, they cast their muskets down on the ground (did not pile them) and appeared to be in great alarm. The muskets were quickly taken up and carted into the Fort and the Sepoys were told they could go on leave until they would be wanted. No doubt most of them went straight off to Delhi.

And now mark, what a very narrow escape we had that morning. When the one thousand seven-hundred muskets, taken

from the Sepoys were examined in the Fort, it was found that *every one was loaded and capped.*

They had kept ammunition by them and had loaded their guns in the lines before they came on the parade ground. Thus *they* were all ready for action, while our few English soldiers stood before them with *empty* muskets !

Had the Sepoys, instead of casting their guns on the ground, opened a volley on our soldiers, they might have shot them all down before our men would be able to load, and in the confusion make a rush at the guns and secure the Artillery. And if this had been done, not a single Christian in Agra would have escaped from a terrible death, and the Fort with all its munitions of war would have fallen into the hands of the mutineers.

Such was the terrible danger from which God was pleased to deliver us on that critical morning, the 1st of June. The panic in Agra was now so great that little or no business was attended to except preparation for self-defence. Officers who had escaped from regiments that had mutinied at various stations, magistrates, clerks, missionaries, patrols and others came flocking in from day to day.

A Volunteer Corps was formed to help in the defence of the station. The public roads were patrolled night after night to guard the European houses, for we knew not how suddenly the city people might rise and massacre the unprotected Christian families.

Some of the Civil officers had proposed that all Christian ladies and children should be allowed to go into the Fort for protection, long before the Sepoys were disarmed, but this request was refused lest it should cause a panic among the natives.

For a whole month-and-a-half we were kept in a state of mental torture, living in unprotected houses, constantly in danger of a cruel death. Not a few slept night after night close to

the European barracks, as they were afraid to sleep in their own houses. This period was to many of us about the most trying of any we experienced. At Agra, night after night we looked on houses in a blaze and we expected our own to be set on fire constantly, nor could we trust the very men who professed to keep us from danger. I often thought of the Irishman's warning who said to a friend in like danger. "And shure don't you go to sleep, or you will be killed in bed and when you get up in the morning you will find your throat cut." I quite remember the sense of pleasure I used to have in the mornings that my throat had *not* been cut while I slept. At last, however in the beginning of July, when there were rumours of a strong rebel force marching down on Agra, permission was given us to go into the Fort, but we were not allowed to take anything with us except a bed and a box of clothing.

We were now approaching another crisis. First of all the Sepoys of the *Kotah* Contingent, which had professedly come in to help us, broke out into open rebellion on the 4th of July. And on the following Sabbath Day we found that some 5,000 rebel troops from Neemuch and other stations were close to Agra on their way to Delhi. The enemy consisted of some 4,000 infantry and 1,000 Cavalry with 12 guns. They consisted of the 72nd B. N. I., the 7th Gwalior Contingent Infantry, the first Bengal Native Cavalry, the Malwah Contingent and Mutineers from Neemuch, with fragments from other mutinied regiments.

We did not know whether they intended to attack the Fort or not. It was thought best not to give them a chance but to go out and fight them in the open. We had but 600 European soldiers, a field battery, and about 150 Volunteers to tackle about 5,000 rebel troops. The odds were about 8 to 1. Yet British pluck did not shrink from the contest, and if our gallant band had been properly led there is but little doubt but what we would have beaten the foe. Our Commandant might have been at one time a brave soldier, but he was now too old for service

at such a crisis as this, and it was quietly rumoured that if his good wife had gone into the field in his place, *she* would have done much better.

The enemy had halted in a village called Shagunj, about three miles from the Fort, they had the shelter of walls and houses to protect them, while our men were in the open plain exposed to a terrible fire.

Captain D'Oyley in charge of the Artillery fought bravely until he received a mortal wound, and one of our timbrels was blown up.

Brigadier Polwhel was then asked if he would allow the troops to charge the village. His reply was "What do you think? Is it well to do so?" Major Thomas, a brave officer, rushed into a lane, turned his horse across the road to shelter our men who were about to assault the village. His horse was riddled with bullets, and he was shot in the leg, advantage was not however, taken of this opportunity. Our bugle sounded the retreat and our brave troops while on the verge of victory had to fall back and make the best of their way towards the Fort, leaving over a hundred dead and wounded on the field of battle. The officers suffered much. Majors Prendergast and Thomas, Capts. D'Oyley, Lamb, and Alexander, Lieuts. Pond, Fellowes, Cockburn, Williams and Bramley were severely wounded, as well as many gentlemen of the Volunteer Corps. They were followed up by the foe till they were near the Fort. The rebels then opened the prison, let out about 3,000 prisoners, told them to set fire to the station while they marched off to Muttra and Delhi. We afterwards heard that they had no ammunition to attack the Fort.

That was a busy and exciting day in the Fort at Agra. From the high ramparts we could see the progress of the battle and after a contest of four hours our hearts were sad to see our troops retreating. From time to time, our wounded men

were brought in on cots and left at the Fort gate. A number of us were engaged in carrying up these poor fellows to the hospital. It was indeed a sad sight to look upon and it made one's heart sick to listen to the moans and groans of these dying soldiers. Doctors were busily engaged cutting off shattered legs and arms, or sewing up wounds, while the air was charged with a wail of woe, from the wives and children of the wounded as they were gasping their last breath, lowly whispering "Water, water" and some moaning the sweet name of "Mother, mother,"

When our defeated soldiers entered the Fort, the excitement was terrific. Mothers looking for their sons, wives for their husbands and children for their fathers, while many of them had been told that their loved ones were dead, and left on the field of battle. That awful Sunday night, the 5th July, I can never forget.

Agra is a large station extending in a line over five miles, and the bungalows were nearly all covered with thatched roofs. As the darkness of the night set in there was one terrific blaze from one end of the station to the other, with thick clouds of smoke curling up into the heavens. From the walls of the Fort we could see crowds of the city rabble and prisoners, who in the lurid glare of the terrific fires hopping and jumping about, were much more like imps of the infernal regions than human beings. Nor did we know what moment the Fort itself might be attacked, for we knew not then that the rebels had left the station. It is calculated that property to the value of about 20 lakhs of rupees was destroyed that night in Agra. There we were, a defeated handful, surrounded by hosts of malignant enemies, mad upon plunder and bloodshed. That dear old Fort, "*Yes, ever dear to me,*" shall be the Ark which sheltered us from the fury of the foe. And allow me now to say a few words, about this our place of Refuge in the Mutiny.

The ancient name of Agra is "Akbarabad" or "The City of Akbar." It was that famous Indian Prince (the greatest and best of all Indian Emperors) who on removing his Capital from Delhi to Agra in 1566 built the Fort. Little did he or his son Jahangir, or his grandson Shajahan, all of whom added to the strength and beauty of the fortress ; little I say, did any of them ever dream that they were thus preparing a refuge for the safety of some* 4,000 Christian fugitives while the English were engaged in a contest of life and death with the last of the Moghul Emperors of Delhi, but so it was. God could see it from the beginning, and to Him we give the praise for our safety. The Agra Fort is a most imposing building. With lofty double storied stone walls and strong bastions forming a circle of about 3 miles, and standing on the river Jumna in full view of the majestic Taj and in complete command of the native city.

The Fort contains magnificent marble halls and Royal palaces inlaid with precious stones, and endless carved apartments for zenana ladies and courtiers. There are high and low audience chambers, corresponding with our House of Lords and House of Commons. There is the *Shish Mahal* of crystal chamber, where you can see yourself reflected in ten thousand mirrors at once. The "*Moti Masjid*" or pearl mosque, is a jewel of beauty and the *Jumma Masjid* with its carved collonades and marble flooring is a majestic building in which 2,000 moslems could worship. There are large wells with abundance of water and accommodation for a host of horses and troopers. The place is even now a marvel of

* On the 20th of July a census was taken of all the Christians in the Fort.

There were Europeans	2,000
East Indians	1,545
Native Christians	855
			<hr/>
			4,400.

Of the above 797 wer females and 1,117 (Children.)

beauty and strength, and what must it have been when it was the Royal Residence of the Emperor Akbar. When it was built some three hundred years ago it was doubtless impregnable though its massive stone walls would not long withstand the thunderbolts of modern Artillery.

When we were allowed to go into the Fort on the 3rd of July, the authorities refused admission to the Native Christians. The Revd. Mr. French and other missionaries protested and said that they would stay out also if the Native Christians were not admitted. This protest succeeded and the Government was only too glad afterwards that they had so many Native Christians to help them, for they were the only reliable natives at that time, and they did good service both as domestic servants and soldiers for the batteries.

We first thought that we would have to depend upon the Government Commissariat for our food, but this was only for one day after the battle, when we narrowly escaped being poisoned wholesale. The chief baker was a Mahomedan who thought he would quietly dispose of the "*Kaffirs*" by putting a strong dose of arsenic into our supply of bread. A Hindoo lad however, gave us warning in time. The baker was put in prison where I had a talk with him, he would not confess his crime, but he was hung, and the bread cast into the river. We had now to see well to our drinking water, for an attempt was made to poison the wells also, though the criminals were not detected.

When the city people saw that we had retired into the Fort, they said it was to blow ourselves up by setting fire to the magazine. As however they found that we were resolved to live on a little longer, and thought we might after all come out alive some happy day, they began to open a bazaar near the Fort gate, where we could get a supply of food without the risk of going into the city, where several had been shot at. Some of those who tried to get into the Fort on the day of the battle

(the 5th of July) were cut down on the way, and others were killed in their houses. One gentleman was shot down by his own servant whom he had brought up from childhood. His house was plundered and burned down. Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor, was about the last to come into the Fort, he was shot at on the way and narrowly escaped with his life.

The city rabble had looted the English houses before they set them on fire, and no doubt they thought they had secured a rich spoil, but when they found that the Fort had not fallen into the hands of the rebels, and in a few days after when we sent out a small force to inspect the station, they were smitten with fear, lest the property of the English should be found in their houses. They made haste to cast it all away. Books, crockery, cutlery, and broken furniture were scattered all over the station, and other goods were cast into the river. Some of these articles came floating down so near the Fort walls that they could be recognised by their owners, and while it was mortifying to them to see their property thus drifting away, yet it was amusing to hear the remarks that were made. One would say "Hallo! there goes my sideboard" and another "that is my dressing table" and another would say—"there goes my almirah," &c. For two or three days the swollen river was strewn with furniture floating away before our eyes. It is but right to state that the Government afterwards gave a fair compensation for the loss of all private property in the Mutiny, but nothing could compensate for many of the precious family relics and tokens of love that were now lost for ever.

As to our manner of life in the Fort, though we were a good deal crowded yet we were quite as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. We were greatly grieved at the constant evil reports we received of the suffering and sorrow endured by Christians at the various stations in the North-West when the Sepoys had revolted. We were also very much troubled by the rumours that came from time to time, of rebel forces

marching down upon Agra. The one wish of all hearts was to hear that Delhi had fallen. But, alas! we were destined to pass weary weeks and anxious months before that joyful news could reach us.

Most of my own time in the Fort was spent in attending to the sick and wounded in hospital, and though my name had been enrolled with many others for military service in case of need, and we were mustered on parade once a week, yet I was never asked to take up arms, and I am happy to say that the services of the non-military was not required for defence as we escaped the horrors of a siege. We had in the hospital a number of wounded soldiers as well as a few officers. The brave Majors, Prendergast and Thomas, with Captains D'Oyley and Captain Lamb died of their wounds. Captain Williams also, whose leg had to be amputated, recovered after a good deal of suffering. I had as my special charge the gallant Major Thomas who so bravely rushed into the lane to shield our soldiers in the battle at Shahgunj. He was in many respects a superior man, but by no means a pleasant patient to have to nurse. At first I found it a difficult task to manage him, but after a while we became very good friends. He had a strange aversion to be waited upon by any lady, and one day when one of them kindly offered her services, he said—"thank you, I don't require anything, you can go." She, however, thinking he was delirious, sat down by his bed, when he asked her this question "Did you ever see Jenny Lind." ? The lady said "No, but why do you ask"? "Well" said he "I have seen her, and you are the image of Jenny Lind." This excited the ladies' curiosity and she ventured to ask the Major what sort of a looking lady Jenny Lind was? He sarcastically replied "Well, she had a good voice. It was a treat to hear her sing, but as to her *looks*, the less said the better, for poor thing, she was *very, very* plain indeed." I need hardly say that the waggish Major soon got rid of his fair visitor, and that she had no desire to visit him again. He rather chuckled over the affair when he related it to me. I told him I was sorry he had been so ungallant to a lady who came to his help. The

poor fellow was fretful and in great suffering, and after lingering on for a number of weeks, mortification set in, which soon put an end to his life.

One very unpleasant spectacle which we had to witness for several months in the Fort was the execution of criminals who were brought in, and summarily condemned to death. One day three rebel Sepoys had been taken, found guilty, and were blown away from the cannon's mouth. This was a horrible sight, but I did not witness it, as it was bad enough to hear the roar of the cannon, time after time, announcing the terrible doom of these poor wretches.

When we found that hanging had no terrors to stop the depredations of Mahomedan rebels, who thought that death would only transfer them to Paradise, a shrewd Government officer hit upon a device which soon struck terror into the hearts of these fanatics. An order was issued that in future the bodies of such criminals should be sewed up in pig skins and cast into the river. It is astonishing what a salutary effect this had upon the superstition of these people, who believed that this mode of burial would shut them out from Paradise, and this was considered too great a sacrifice to make for the pleasure of robbing and killing the English.

Among the sad events in the Fort was the lamented death of our worthy Lieut.-Governor. Mr. Colvin was a good man and an able officer, but the terrible weight of responsibility which now rested upon him, and the unfortunate mistake he made in issuing a proclamation of pardon to rebels who would come in and give up their arms, which proclamation was severely censured and cancelled and revoked by Lord Canning, told so terribly upon Mr. Colvin that he was simply crushed into the grave.

The offer of pardon would have had a good effect if we had power to punish, but at this time we had not, and the clemency only created the impression that we made a virtue of necessity,

or that it was only a snare to entrap the rebels and catch them with guile. No doubt Mr. Colvin felt that as many of the Sepoys had been driven to revolt against their wishes, such men might be glad to accept an offer of pardon and lay down their arms ; but the spirit of suspicion, which had already taken such hold upon their minds was too strong to enable them to credit our sincerity and to cast out their own fears ; the consequence was that not one of them accepted of this offer of pardon.

In the sufferings of Mr. Colvin we have a remarkable fact well worthy of notice. Dr. Thomas Farquhar, who was the Lieut.-Governor's Medical Officer, told me that on the night Mr. Colvin died his mental agony was so intense that he actually *sweated blood*. A stiking illustration of our Saviour's agony in the garden. Mr. Colvin died on the 9th September and Lord Canning paid a high compliment to his worthy character "as a distinguished servent of the E. I. Company." The next day all that was mortal of the worthy Governor was committed to the dust in front of the Armoury of the Fort, when not a few sincere tears were shed on the grave of that good and great man whose son was afterwards appointed to take up the onerous duties in the discharge of which 30 years before, his noble father fell a martyr to the storm of Mutiny which swept over the North-West Provinces. The memory of the honourable John Russell Colvin will long be revered by all who knew him and is a rich heritage to his posterity.

The long delay in the capture of Delhi made us very anxious in the Fort of Agra and we could see that the natives began to lose confidence in the success of our troops. Many of them indeed supposed that the English "*Raj*" in India had come to an end, and we had been given various indications of this feeling. I would here mention one or two. The natives were so anxious to get rid of all copper coinage that for a considerable time they gave us 25 and 26 annas of pice for the rupee. The reason for this was obvious. Should the English fail to re-establish their

power in India, our copper coinage would be of little value to the people while the rupees they could turn into jewellery. Moreover, in case of the re-establishment of Mahomedan power it would be easier to conceal the silver than the copper from the greedy grasp of Native Princes, who seldom hesitated to rob the subjects who had money.

Another proof of the want of confidence in the stability of our Government, was seen in the fact that when the authorities in Agra thought it well to demolish a number of buildings which stood on the glacis of the Fort in order to remove cover from attacking enemies—being at the time short of money—promissory notes were given to the proprietors, which could be redeemed with interest after one year. These notes were regarded by the natives as so much waste paper, and they were sold to Europeans at something like one-tenth their value for cash, simply because the natives thought that Government either would never survive the storm, or if they did, that the money would never be paid.

Our time of sad suspense was now, however, about to come to an end. Delhi had been assaulted on the 14th of September and by the 20th our troops had full possession of the city. This joyful news soon found its way to Agra, when a Royal salute was fired from the ramparts of the Fort, to announce our grand victory. We were also cheered to find that after a long contest against overwhelming forces our brave troops under Havelock, Outram, and Neill had routed the rebels in Lucknow, relieved our suffering garrison in the Residency, and avenged the horrid massacres of Cawnpore. Beside all this, we heard that “a flying column” had been despatched from Delhi in charge of Col. Greathed to pursue the fugitive rebels and to march to the aid of our forces in Oudh; all this was cheering news, and we began to feel that our deliverance from the Fort was at hand.

Little did we then know of a serious danger which was close at hand and that a strong besieging force was rapidly

marching upon Agra. The Native State of Dholpore is about 30 miles south of Agra, and in a Fort at that place, a large body of rebel Sepoys from Gwalior, Indore, Mhow, and other stations had assembled. They had been there for some time and seemed to have been in doubt what to do, or where to go. The news to them from Delhi was not cheering, and they seemed afraid to attack Agra. As soon as Delhi fell in September, a number of the fugitive rebels hastened to Dholpore to join this force, and to urge them to march at once on Agra, capture the Fort before relief could come from Delhi, and make a fresh stand there against the English. By the end of September there were about 4,000 of the Delhi rebels waiting at Muttra to see if the attack of the Dholpore force on Agra was likely to succeed, and if it had, they would no doubt have marched at once for Agra. The Dholpore rebels had with them siege guns, and a large supply of ammunition ; and had they been joined by the rebels then at Muttra in good time, the Agra Fort would have had poor chance of successful resistance. Had this Fort in this crisis of the Mutiny fallen into the hands of the rebels, it would have proved a second Delhi to be conquered over again. As, however, kind Providence would have it, the mutineers were foiled in this Military movement. The Dholpore rebels began to advance on the 6th of October, and on that same date, Col. Greathed with his flying column was only about 30 miles north of Agra. We did not think that the Dholpore force would have come in so soon, nor were we quite sure that they would come at all. It was however, thought well to send a request to Col. Greathed to bring his column into Agra for a few days, as we feared that danger was at hand. This column consisted of 3,000 men of all arms, Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery, about half Europeans and half Punjabees. The column arrived in Agra on the 10th of October, and in this timely relief we have, I think, a striking evidence of *The Hand of God*. On the very morning, yea, and at the very hour, Greathed's column was marching on one side, the rebels from Dholpore were quietly coming in on the other side of the station. We were so delighted at the arrival of the

column, that we lost all idea of foe or fear. But no sooner had our force pitched their tents on the parade, about a mile from the Fort, than the rebels opened fire upon them from a masked battery close by.

About half an hour before this time, I had myself been out on this parade ground, and while sitting at breakfast in the Fort we suddenly heard the roar of cannons. At first we thought it was a salute, but those accustomed to the wizzing sound of round shots, soon found that it was the firing of an enemy. The rebels did not at first know who they were attacking. No doubt they thought, that this camp contained only our small volunteer force, which they thought they could soon polish off and then proceed to bombard the Fort. Our troopers were soon in their saddles, and our guns opened on the enemy's battery. The contest was sharp and short, for as soon as the enemy found out who they had to deal with they lost heart and shouted "*Arè! Bâp! Dili ke bullum walle-aye. Bhago!! Bhago!!*" i. e., "Oh Father!! The Lancers from Delhi are come. Run! Run!!" And run they did with might and main, but they did not escape a terrible drubbing from our troops.

Col. Cotton, who was now in charge of the Fort, rushed out with a number of our Fort troops, and though the battle had already been won, yet our men chased the enemy for many miles, and cut down a large number on the way. Their tents, stores and ammunitions, and guns, were all left on the field. We did not know their exact number, but it was calculated that there must have been five or six thousand, some hundreds of whom were cut down in a few hours, while we did not lose a single soldier; but one man was wounded by falling into a blind well. They had 14 siege guns, and one of these was enormously large. It was also decorated with garlands and wreaths of jess amine flowers, and we were afterwards told that the Brahmins had been doing "*poojah*" to this gun, and that a holy *fakir* had prophesied to the troops, that after three rounds from the mouth of this great "*Deota*" the walls of the Fort would fall flat down

and the English would all be killed. But the *fakir* proved a false prophet, and the poor "*Deota*" instead of knocking down the Fort walls was himself taken captive and conveyed to the Fort with the other cannons. And thus by the providential help which arrived at the *very nick* of time, the rebels were scattered, the scheme of the Sepoys to make a fresh stand in the Fort of Agra was frustrated, and we were saved the horrors of a siege, and it may be, the doom of a terrible massacre. As soon as the rebels in Muttra heard of the defeat of their comrades in Agra they at once made arrangements to cross the Jumna and march off to Rohilkhand, for now the last hope of success for the Sepoys in the North-West had vanished. The morning after the victory we went out to see the battle field, and I never wish to see another. Scattered all around were the bodies of men and animals. Some, had been shot down, others cut up with swords or lances, while some had been blown asunder by the explosion of powder in their own pouches. *Coolies* were covering the dead as fast as they could with earth, while jackals and birds of prey were busy at work. Muskets, matchlocks, swords, sabres, javelins, daggers. and pistols were scattered on the ground, and the soil was saturated with blood. In a small mosque close by where 50 Sepoys had fled for refuge there was a heap of dead bodies, and thus this last rebel force that came against us, was scattered and destroyed.

I shall now allude to an incident worthy of notice, for in it we behold how God can save at *the last moment*, those who put their trust in him. The Baptist Mission in Agra had a sub-station in a village about 12 miles off. The Christians had come into the Fort in the month of May, but one old native preacher, whose name was *Thakur Dass*, said "I am an old man and who will kill me. I will stay here and trust in God." He was not touched until the day of our battle in Agra, on the 10th of October, when some wicked men resolved to kill him. He was taken out of his house, bound with cords, and led forth to be slaughtered. He asked his murderers one favour and that was to allow him a few minutes for prayer, to commit his spirit into the hands of God. This favour was granted and strange to say, *while he*

was yet in the act of prayer, all of a sudden there was a loud cry, "The English are coming"! This created a panic, the would-be murderers fled and left the old man, bound, on his knees ; he was soon let loose and returned to his house unhurt, and he lived years after this to preach the Gospel. Now, mark the working of Providence. It was not *our* soliders who caused this panic but fugitive rebels defeated in the battle at Agra who were rushing away for their lives, and who were taken by the people to be our troopers coming out to chastise the villagers. It was this mistake that saved the good old man's life. Truly, God can deliver out of the lion's mouth.

After this victory and the fall of Delhi, as well as the relief of Lucknow, we felt that the dark clouds of this terrible storm were fast passing away, and that the time for the restoration of the British power in India was, by the grace of God, drawing nigh. The natives became wonderfully civil and polite, for they also could see that the dawn of day had again broken on the English "Raj" in India, and true to their nature they began to worship the rising sun. We who were in the Fort now felt that we had a new lease of life, and a number of young people began to make domestic arrangements for future comforts. It may seem strange to you that courtship and marriage should have been carried on in such a place and at such a period. But so it was. Love is strong, and with the hope of life what could quench it? Several "happy events" came off in the Fort and they seemed to us like bright sunshine, after a long season of stormy weather. In one of these happy events I had good reason to take a special interest, for both bride and bridegroom were my own personal friends. One happy day in the beautiful marble hall, where Divine Service was held on Sundays, they were joined in holy wedlock. That happy pair led a happy life in the Lord's work in India, until one of them was called away to the better land ; some of their children are still engaged in the Lord's work in India. May they never have to pass through such a fiery ordeal as their parents experienced in the year 1857, and may

they prove faithful and true to the God of that sainted Mother who waits to welcome them *Home*, in the land of Life and Love.

I have but one more event of public interest to relate regarding our life in the Fort. As you may well suppose, we were pretty closely packed together in this our place of refuge, and every bit of shelter was taken advantage of. By this time, however, I had removed to pretty comfortable quarters, and was busily occupied in preparing to go back to my station, and make a new start in my mission work. My house in Muttra had been burnt down and all it contained, but by this time I had gathered together a number of necessary articles, and had a fresh outfit and was hoping soon to go out of the Fort. A new calamity, however, was close at hand, by which the second time I lost my earthly all. Very early on the 3rd of April, while we were all fast asleep, there was a loud cry of "Fire ! Fire ! !" I rushed out and saw that the lower story of our square was in a blaze and the flames were fast extending to the upper apartments where we resided. I rushed for a knife and made a desperate attempt to cut down the grass screens of the upper verandah in order, if possible, to cut off the communication of the flames, but I failed in the attempt.

In a few minutes the whole square was on fire and those of us who occupied the upper story had a very narrow escape, for our only possible retreat was about to be cut off by the flames. We had no time to dress or to save any of our property but had to rush away for life in a moment. I did snatch a few articles that stood on the table and flung them down into the open square below. One of these was a Bible which I value as a memento of this wonderful escape. The next day we had to beg and borrow clothes to wear from our friends, and were very thankful that we had escaped with our lives.

Some of the vaults in this square contained cart loads of valuable Government records, brought into the Fort for safety. These were now all consumed to ashes.

In the midst of this danger and confusion, an alarm was raised that the fire would soon reach the powder Magazine which stood on the other side of the wall. This created a great panic, and a number rushed away as far as they could from the danger. The unfortunate old lady who had stuck fast in the Fort gate on the day of the rush in, in the month of May, was in a great fright and she made a great rush for the same gate again, only that this time she wanted to go out. To the Irish soldier who was on guard she said "Oh my good man! Do open the gate and let me out at once." The soldier full of Irish wit replied, "and now, shure Madam, be aisy, ye'r too frightened ontirely. If I let ye out, the hathen will kill ye like a dog; far better stop inside and die among good Christian people, and if the magazine will blow up, what of it? Shall we not all go up to Heaven comfortably together in a chariot of fire like the prophet Elijah?" and he waggishly added "Now, thin, Madam, would ye not like that?" The poor frightened lady, however, did not relish the fun, but she saw that there was no escape.

Well for her and well for all that were there that the fire did not touch the magazine, for if it had, the explosion of some 50 tons of powder would have been terrific, and not a single soul in that Fort would have escaped alive.

But in this, as well as in many other dangers we experienced in the Indian Mutiny, God in his mercy was pleased to deliver us and to His Holy Name be all the glory.

THIRD LECTURE.

ON INSTANCES OF THE HAND OF GOD IN THE INDIAN MUTINY OF 1857.

That we have in the Revolt of the Sepoy Army, in the extinction of the late Honorable East India Company—in the Restoration of British power in India, and in the consequent happy results to the people of the land, most evident tokens of the *Hand of God*, will, I think, appear from the facts I am now about to bring to your notice, and remember, that they are but a selected few, and a small sample of many others which I have no time to mention.

General View.—Let us first of all take a *general* view of of the two leading facts which stand out in conspicuous relief before us.

These are, the *Revolt* of the Bengal army, and the *Restoration* of the British Power in India. Both these facts are fraught with such wonder that we can only understand them in the light of Supernatural interposition.

As to the revolt of the Bengal army, one fact comes out clearly, and that is, that the Sepoys had *no personal desire* to mutiny; for such an act would have been to them nothing less than absolute ruin. They were no doubt panic-struck by a mysterious dread that the Government was about to force them, at the cannon's mouth, to pollute their caste and defile their religion. They were driven by this fear to resist authority, and if possible, to upset that power which they thought was about to attempt to deprive them of what *they* counted dearer than life.

This is no theory or fancy of mine but a well-established fact, supported by the most competent authority then in India, and fully recognized in Sir John Kaye's history of the Sepoy War. Sir John Lawrence said that the Sepoys were simply "petrified with fear." Sir Henry Lawrence called the Mutiny "a mysterious epidemic." Mr. Colvin, the Lieut.-Governor of the

North-West, felt sure that "the bulk of the army revolted from fear"—and that is why he issued an offer of pardon to those who would give up their arms. General Low, the Military Member of the Indian Council, gave it as his opinion, that "the Sepoys were driven to desperation by the fear of breaking their caste;" and Lord Canning in reply to a proposal of an officer to "adopt means to strike terror into the Sepoys" gave this remarkable reply. "You talk of the necessity of striking terror into the Sepoys. You are entirely and most dangerously wrong. The one difficulty which of all others it is most difficult to meet is, that the regiments which have not yet fallen away *are mad with fear*, fear for their caste and religion, fear of disgrace in the eyes of their comrades, fear that the European troops are being collected to crush and decimate them, as well as their already guilty comrades."

Now mark, *we* know that there was not the slightest ground for all this frenzied fear. The Government never dreamt of corrupting the caste or defiling the religion of the Sepoys. Nothing was farther from their intentions, and yet, all the solemn affirmations of the Governor-General, all the explanations of the Commander-in-Chief, and all the persuasions of their own officers, utterly failed to dispel the groundless fears of the Sepoys. It clung to them like a horrid night-mare and though they tried to shake it off they could not. This foolish fancy was to *them*, an *awful reality*, a mysterious and inscrutable incubus, which crushed out of them all sense of military honour, all sense of duty to themselves and to their families, all sense of loyalty to the State, and even of the preciousness of life, and this was done in an army of a 1,00,000 men, an army which had been loyal and true for a hundred years.

If this strange fear and sad defection had only been in one place, or in one or two regiments, we might have been able to find some solution of the difficulty, but when we see it spread from place to place and from regiment to regiment, one of them hundreds of miles apart, of different castes and

creeds, and that from no *real* cause whatever, yea, and at a sacrifice of all their temporal interests, when we see such a strange phenomenon, and consider such an inexplicable enigma, are we not involuntarily lead to say, with the baffled magicians of Egypt—" *This is the finger of God*" Exod. viii. 10.

The Bengal army *was to be destroyed*, and it was done by its *own* action. The Sepoys were maddened to their own destruction, and as a blast blew over the host of Sennacherib and terrified the camp of the Assyrians. (2 Kings, xix. 7), in like manner the Sepoys said that "the air was charged with the spirit of revolt, and that they were carried away as chaff before a whirlwind. It was in fact, "The rebuking of the Lord, and the blast of the breath of His anger." 2 Sam. xxii. 16.

Let us now look at—*The Conquest*.

In the subjugation of this formidable foe, and the restoration of British Power, at such a terrible disadvantage, we can also see the mighty Hand of God. Nearly a hundred thousand Sepoys revolted, and they were aided by many thousands more of seditious police, of released prisoners and riotous rabble. They were all rebels against lawful authority, and as such, they knew that their case was desperate, and that they fought as doomed felons with the halter around their necks. All they held dear was at stake, and this nerved them with a death-like courage and reckless audacity. The Sepoys were men trained in the art of war by our own Officers. They had an endless supply of our own weapons of war and ammunition—they had money in abundance, which they carried away from our treasuries—they had in a large measure the moral sympathy and support of the masses of their own people—they had the powerful prestige of Royalty in the King of Delhi, and they had the strong walls and the fortified bastions of that city to help them in the struggle for victory ; while our force was a feeble band at best.

When we look at the unequal contest in Delhi, Cawnpore, or Lucknow (the 3 chief seats of conflict), we find that the enemy

outnumbered our troops by about 80 per cent. Our troops before Delhi numbered in all only about 6,000 men, while the enemy inside the strong city had a force of about 50,000 Sepoys ; beside which, the whole country was more or less covered with rebels, while we had but two regiments of English soldiers between Calcutta and Delhi. No wonder that, in the face of this terrible disparity of military power, that brave men quailed with fear, as they thought of the desperate struggle. We were but as a shepherd lad before a mighty Giant backed up by a host of Philistines, and had we no resort beyond human means, we might well have given up in utter despair. Yet in the face of all these fearful odds the enemy was conquered and British Rule was re-established in India. The God of heaven appeared on our side, and well may we adopt the language of the Psalmist and say, "*If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, than they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us then the waters had overwhelmed us and the streams had gone over our souls.*" Yea, and may we not well add ; "*Blessed be the Lord who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.* Ps. cxxiv,

Particular Instances.—I will now come to more *Special* instances of Divine interposition, and in order to be as concise and clear as I can, I have classified the cases in which we may see the Hand of God.

1st. Let us look in the first place on the *Preserving* Hand of God.

One striking instance of this is found in the fact that we were mercifully preserved from the *Simultaneous* rise of the whole Bengal army in one day, as had been preconcerted by the Sepoys. From Government enquiry it was found that there had been a secret plot throughout the army to break out into open revolt altogether on Sunday the 31st of May 1857. If this plot had been carried into successful issue, who can tell what the terrible consequences might have been. And now mark the singular manner in which this plot was defeated.

The 3rd Cavalry at Meerut, which was ripe for mutiny, was commanded by Col. Carmichael Smyth. This officer, out of what would appear to have been a whim of his own, resolved suddenly one day to put his troopers to the test. He did this against the wishes of General Hewitt who commanded the Meerut division of the army.

This was a crucial and a dangerous experiment to make, but he ventured upon it. On the 24th of April he held a parade of skirmishers of the regiment, simply to see whether or not they would use the cartridge. Out of 90 troopers, 85 refused to touch it. This was an open and a deliberate military crime and a defiance of authority which could not be over-looked. A court-martial was therefore held, and the recreant troopers were condemned to disgrace and imprisonment. This terrible sentence was to be carried out on Saturday the 9th of May, the culprits were disgraced and put in irons on parade in the presence of some two thousand of their excited comrades. They begged hard for pardon but in vain. They then appealed to their comrades to avenge the wrong and the ruin to which they said they were exposed on account of their religion. All this entered like burning flame into the souls of the other Sepoys, and though the *set* time for general revenge had not yet arrived, yet the fire of fury now kindled was too strong to be resisted. Further waiting was out of the question, as the Meerut Sepoys were now mad with rage, and on the following day the Mutiny Cyclone burst forth in all its horrors on Meerut and Delhi.

This overt act *precipitated* the whole pre-concerted plot, and the consequence was, the Sepoys at other stations were baffled, and knew not what to do, as the fatal 31st May had not yet arrived, so that humanly speaking we may say, that one rash act of an English officer disconcerted the whole plot of the Sepoy Mutiny, which proved the salvation of the thousands of Christian lives in India.

Had the awful storm burst in one day all the country over, the English would have been taken by surprise and slaughtered

wholesale. The Forts would have been secured by the enemy and the British "*Raj*" in India would have ceased to exist. But God "in wrath remembered mercy," and instead of being overwhelmed in one day in one mighty flood of rebellion, the Sepoy regiments mutinied at different times in different places, which enabled the English, in a large measure to escape both danger and death.

2. *Preservation of the Forts.*—Nothing perhaps was of greater importance to us in the midst of the Mutiny than our Indian *Forts*. These strongholds proved the salvation of thousands of undefended Christians, and they were a Tower of strength to our British soldiers when contending against overwhelming hosts of deadly enemies. Yet strange to say when the Mutiny broke out, every one of these strong holds were in the hands of the Sepoys, and the wonder is that we ever got possession of them. There were numbers of deeply-laid plots to take *full* possession of these places of refuge, with their rich stores of military materials ; and had these plots succeeded, it is hard to see how any Christian in India could have escaped the terrible fate of our countrymen in Cawnpore, who had no Fort to protect them. And let me now give an instance or two of the wonderful manner in which God defeated the intention of the enemy to deprive us of these strongholds. This was the case more or less all over India but I have time to mention only one or two cases.

Fort William.—Fort William in Calcutta was twice in imminent danger of being lost to the English. In the month of March 1857, when the Sepoys at Barrackpore were ripe for Mutiny, the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, and his able Minister Dinkur Rao, (who proved so faithful to us in the Mutiny) paid a visit to Lord Canning at Calcutta. Scindia was well pleased with the kind reception he received from the Government and he resolved, before he left Calcutta, to give a grand entertainment, to which he invited all the leading ladies and gentlemen of Calcutta. The entertainment was to be held in the Botanical Gardens the other side of the Hooghly, and it was fully expected that the Governor-

General, and his Staff, with all the Officers of State in Calcutta and Barrackpore would have attended the grand fête given by the Maharajah. The Sepoys did not overlook this favourable opportunity to take full possession of Fort William.* The idea was (as it was afterwards found) to avail themselves of the absence of so many of the English from Calcutta to secure the Fort, to plunder the Treasury, and then to defy the English. Such was the well laid plot. Strange to say, that very afternoon, in the midst of the dry season in Bengal and without any previous warning, a terrific storm of thunder and lightning burst over the city, when the rain fell in such torrents for hours together that it was out of the question to go to the Botanical Gardens. The fête was dropped, the English kept to their houses, the plot collapsed, and Fort William was saved. Need I say that we have here a very evident sign of the delivering hand of God, and that on that 10th of March in the year 1857, "the Lord thundered in the Heavens, the Highest gave His voice, and His abundant rain discomfited the foe." P. xviii 12-15.

There was another attempt to get hold of Fort William, and though the way in which that plot was frustrated may not have been as wonderful as the other, yet one can not but see in it traces of the hand of God. In the month of May after the Mutiny in Meerut, there were detachments of two Sepoy regiments on guard in Fort William. On the night of the 17th, a number of Sepoys from the 25th Bengal Infantry entered the Fort and made a proposal to the Guards to join with others in capturing the Fort the following night. Many arguments were urged ; but as Providence would have it, the Guard did not consent. The treason was reported to the Town-Major, when preparations were at once made to defend the Fort. The drawbridges were raised, the ladders were removed from the moats, European sentries were placed on the ramparts, and an express was sent off to Dum Dum for the remaining portion of H. M's. 53rd regiment. These pre-

* The agreement about the general rising on the 31st of May was not as yet complete,

cautions, taken after due warning and by the Providence of God, kept in our possession the very centre of our strength in Bengal.

The Delhi Ridge.—The position of our troops on the ridge before Delhi was a very critical one, and a plot which was discovered in the midst of our camp made it all the more so. In the Punjabi regiments in the camp, there were some Hindustani Sepoys, which no doubt was a dangerous element. Early in the month of July, a Brahmin Subadar of one these regiments was found inciting the other native soldiers to murder their officers and go over to the mutineers in Delhi. He had succeeded so far as to get the promise of the Hindustani soldiers to comply, but when the plot was about to ripen into action, a faithful Punjabi soldier found it out. He reported the treason to the officers. The Brahmin rebel was put to death, the "*Poorbiah*" Sepoys were paid up and turned out of the camp. Had this plot succeeded, it is hard to say what the consequences might have been, but the treachery came to light, just in time to prevent the disaster, which enabled our feeble force not only to get rid of this dangerous element but also to put them on their guard against any further plot in the camp.

Forts in the Punjab.—The two most important Forts in the Punjab were those of Ferozpoore and Phillour—for it was these Forts that supplied our Delhi force with siege guns and other munitions of war.

I have not the time to show you the miraculous manner in which these Forts were saved from the hands of the mutineers who plotted to secure them. I must, however, mention a striking event in connection with the siege train which left Phillour for Delhi in the month of June.*

Phillour is on the banks of the river Sutlej, which was now fast rising, as heavy rains had set in. There was great fear lest

* The train consisted of eight 18 pounders, four 8 inch howitzers, twelve 5 inch mortars, and four 8 inch mortars, with a quantity of shot shell, and ammunition.

the bridge of boats, by which the river was then crossed, might have been swept away by the rushing current before the siege train could be sent over. It, however, held on *until this was done*. But now mark,—two hours after the train had landed on the Delhi side of the river, the bridge of boats which spanned the torrent, was swept away by the flood, which rendered the passage impassable to all heavy artillery, and thus we see again another instance of the preserving hand of God.

The relief of Lucknow.—The preservation of the garrison in the Residency at Lucknow, and the rescue of hundreds of women and children in the face of such formidable difficulties, is perhaps, one of the most wonderful instances in the whole history of the Mutiny, of the preserving hand of God. I have time but just to mention it. An officer writing of the rescue says “We left at 12 o’clock at night, having withdrawn all our guns from position, so that if the rebels had only come, we should have had to fight every inch of our way in retiring,—but the kind *hand of God*, which had watched over the little garrison all along, never left it to the last; the eyes of the wicked were blinded as we marched breathlessly with beating hearts from our posts. Out we went while the enemy’s guns were still pounding away at the old walls, but they saw us not, for “*God was our shield*.” I will not add here. Before however, I leave this subject of the preserving hand of God—I will give a very brief account of the wonderful preservation and rescue of two ladies and a little child in Oudh. Sir Mount Stuart Jackson and his sister, with Captain Phillip Orr and his wife and child, after enduring indescribable sufferings while wandering about from place to place for months together, were at last brought as prisoners in their rags to Lucknow in November 1857, when they were confined in a cell at the Kaiser Bagh. The rebels being enraged at the escape of the garrison from the Residency, took the two gentlemen out of the cell and had them shot on the 16th of November. The ladies were now left alone awaiting daily their own terrible doom, and we may well ima-

gine what sad and sore hearts they had. In this depth of misery Mrs. Orr one day sent for a little native medicine from the bazaar, and strange to say, the paper in which it was wrapped up was a portion of the book of Isaiah and contained these words :—" *I, even I, am He that comforteth you ; who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass, and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth, and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy ? And where is the fury of the oppressor ? The captive exile hasteth to be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail.*" Isa. li. 12-14. These words gave them hope of deliverance. They were removed to a house in the city and after being kept there in great misery for four months longer, Mrs. Orr sent a note by a friendly native to the English camp. This note fell into the hands of Captain McNeil, who at once sent a party of Goorkha soldiers to bring the captives into the English camp, where they were most kindly treated ; and thus after ten long months of a living death, the Lord wrought out their deliverance,

II. The Restraining hand of God.—In the history of the Indian Mutiny. we have a number of remarkable instances of the *Restraining* hand of God. I have time to mention but a few. One instance is found in the fact, that the Madras and Bombay native armies were kept back from joining the rebel Sepoys in Bengal.

It is true that we had one or two defections in the native regiments of these Presidencies, but that only serves to throw out the fidelity of the others into bolder relief. I wish you to note, that we had more or less Hindustani Sepoys in the regiments of Madras and Bombay. All these were as so much leaven to ferment the Mutiny in the various corps ; nor should we forget that a number of secret emissaries were sent over from the rebels in Bengal, who did their best to corrupt the

Sepoys of Madras and Bombay. We should also consider that the Sepoys here were of the same nationality, caste, and creed, as the rebels, and as such they must have had no small sympathy with them, nor should we forget that to the Sepoys the maddening dread of the loss of Caste was a fearful *reality*, and this alone would prove a mighty motive to shake the confidence of their comrades in these provinces, and we know how credulous the natives are and how ready to believe preposterous stories. When we look at all this we cannot but confess that the *restraint* put upon the Madras and Bombay Sepoys must have been the *hand of God*, as the temptation to join the rebels must have been to them very great; and we know that the native character, if left to itself, is too weak and fickle to withstand any such strong temptation. The people of India move in masses, they follow the crowd like a flock of sheep, this is the natural bent of their character. With them first of all the question is not:—"What is duty?," or what is right? but "*What is the dustoor,*" or *custom*, for their religion is to do that thing which their people practise and always to float with the stream; and yet mark;—that mighty flood of rebellion in the North of India, the waves of which rolled more or less over the whole country, did not succeed in sweeping the armies of Madras and Bombay into the vortex of the Mutiny. If we are asked the reason why? I answer. Because they were held fast by a Power greater than their own.

Had the Sepoys of Madras and Bombay coalesced with those of Bengal during that fearful crisis, the consequence to us would have been most disastrous. But God in mercy *restrained* this wrath of men, and while He allowed one-half of the Indian army to revolt, to its own destruction, the other half He held back, to our salvation. As He shortened the days of vengeance in the destruction of Jerusalem, that the elect should not perish, in like manner, He must have said to the raging wave of revolt in the North of India "*Thus far shalt thou go but no further.*"

Native Princes.—We can also see the *Restraining* hand of God in keeping the native Princes of India from turning against us during this time of our trouble, and this is all the more remarkable from the fact, that in most cases their soldiers did revolt, but strange to say the Princes themselves stood fast in the face of very strong temptation. No doubt nearly all the native Princes of India had grievances, real, or imaginary, against the Government, which they would have liked to have had avenged at such a favourable opportunity as this. They saw the Rulers of the land forsaken by their own soldiers and the English hard pushed even for life. Is it not a wonder that they did not say one to another “Come, now is our time, let us shake off the fetters of the English Government, and be perfectly free and independent?” It was no doubt a most favourable opportunity, and the wonder is that these ambitious Princes did not avail themselves of it to strike a strong blow for perfect freedom. They did not, however, do so, for *God restrained* them. Let me give you one special instance of this. During the Mutiny months, no part of India was as important to us as Peshawar and the Punjab, for it was from there that we got all our soldiers and munitions of war to re-conquer Delhi.

There was a prince in the North of India who was at that time the Amir of Cabul, he was a mighty man of valour, and Dost Mahomed had great power with his own people. The valley of Peshawar at one time belonged to Cabul and it was the happy dream of Dost Mahomed’s life, some day to be able to regain this coveted possession. Just before the Indian Mutiny we had war with Persia, and Dost Mahomed was afraid of a Persian invasion of Afghanistan. He was in want of money and war material to defend himself, and he applied for that help to the British Government just five months before the Mutiny in Meerut. The demand was wisely met by our Government and for the time being a treaty was entered into that Dost Mahomed should get 12 lakhs of Rupees a year, and 4,000 stands of arms, on condition that he should prove faithful to the British.

This material help secured for us the friendship and fidelity of the "Dost," and when the treaty was signed in the presence of Sir John Lawrence and Sir Herbert Edwards (who was then Commissioner of Peshawar), Dost Mahomed swore by Allah and the Prophet, on the Koran, that come what may, he would be a true friend to the British.

At the time he could not see a single shadow of a chance of regaining the coveted valley of Peshawar, which was held fast by a strong force of British and Native soldiers. Could he then but see or know that all fear from Persia would soon vanish, that the Sepoy Mutiny was at the door, and that the Peshawar valley would be so denuded of British troops, who were needed at Delhi, that he could then have re-conquered his coveted province at his leisure; had he but known all this before-hand, he would have proved a most formidable foe. But when the crisis came and the Mutiny broke out, Dost Mahomed could see that it was *just too late* for him to turn against us, and that it was to his own interest now to prove faithful to the English. If this had not been done a few months before, there is no doubt whatever but that the Dost would have made a rush upon Peshawar, and the troops we would have needed to retake Delhi from Peshawar and the Punjab, would have to have been employed in defending the frontier of India, and had it been so, who can tell what it might have cost us. God, however, saw it all from the beginning, and His providence *restrained* the hand of Dost Mahomed in the dark day of our trouble in India.

Nor was Dost Mahomed the only Prince who was held back from taking an advantage of our weakness at this critical time.

We know that the numerous annexations made by Lord Dalhousie* caused a terrible consternation amongst the Princes

*These were Pegu (Burmah), Punjab, Multan, Sind, Jhansi (Central India), Nagpore (C. I.), Sattara (Bombay), Part of Hyderabad (Berars), Sikim (part) Urgool, Tanjore (Carnatic), and Oudh, all this added 25,000 square miles to British territory, several millions to the Revenue, and a population of over 5,000,000 people.

of India, for they knew not when the day of their dissolution would come. But while the British forces were too strong for them, there was nothing to do but to wait for a favourable opportunity to turn against the paramount power. That opportunity seemed now to have arrived. Not only had our chief support, which was the Bengal Army, broken like a rope of sand, but our own Sepoys had turned against us, we had but few English troops in the country, and we had serious military complications with both Persia and China to attend to. Was not this a golden opportunity, and a strong temptation to many of our Indian Princes?

If they had thrown in their powerful influence with the mutineers, what a dire calamity it would have been to us at such a critical period of our Indian history? Can we not in this also, see the hand of God? Was it not He who restrained the natural desire of these proud Princes, at such a favourable opportunity, "to break our bands asunder and cast our cords from them."

There were a few men of light and leading in high places at the chief Native States, and no doubt but that the keen sagacity of such native leaders as the late Salar Jung of Hyderabad, Dinkar Rao of Gwalior and others, served in good stead to check the fever of revolt which raged amongst the soldiers of Native States, so that although the troops themselves could not stand against the storm yet they could not get their Chiefs to lead them forth to battle, which crippled their power and their wish to expel the English from India. With the exception of the brave Ranee of Jhansi, who fought to the death, and a few petty Rajahs and pensioned Nawabs, all the powerful Princes of India stood fast and proved true to the English, yea, more, some of them, as I will show, gave us the most valuable help to conquer the rebels and re-establish our power in the country.

The Delhi Ridge Restraint.—I have spoken of the hidden hand of God keeping back the native armies of Madras and Bom-

bay, and Indian Princes from turning against us, but this merciful restraint does not end there. We have instances of it in connection with our own troops at Delhi. It may not be generally known that on three occasions our force before Delhi was in imminent danger of making a disastrous mistake. The cry of the English throughout India was. "Take Delhi ! take Delhi!" But they little knew what a very dangerous and difficult work this was, and no one was more anxious to attempt it than our brave soldiers on the Delhi Ridge.

After the arrival of Brigadier Neville Chamberlain on the 24th June, and of Colonel Baird Smith on the 3rd of July, there was a strong desire in the camp to assault the city at once, though some thought it would have been a very risky thing to do ; and to show you what a dangerous experiment it was regarded by General Barnard, who was then in command, I need only say, that he called it a "*Gambler's Throw*." Anyhow it was resolved upon. The details of the assault had all been settled and troops were told off into attacking columns. All was ready when news came into camp that the enemy from the city was about to attack our position in strong force. This timely news saved the camp and kept back our force from making a most risky and dangerous experiment.

Again, in the month of July, when Genl. Reid commanded, there was a fresh proposal to assault the city by escalade—for as yet there were no breaches in the walls of the city, and we were not in a position to attempt the work with any degree of safety. On this occasion we were restrained from doing so simply by a blunder. One of the attacking columns made a mistake in the time, and when all was ready, it was too late to make the attack. This mistake was afterwards considered by our officers to have been "*a merciful providence*." And indeed it was so, in more respects than one ; for if we had taken Delhi at that time, it would have been at the sacrifice of other stations in the N.-W. and Bengal. The rebel regiments which mutinied in those months not being able to march quietly off to Delhi, would have attacked

other stations and slaughtered many more Christians than they did. And further, if Delhi had fallen in June or July, the great flood of rebels sent adrift from the city would have swamped our weak garrisons in the N.-W. before our troops would have had time to arrive to resist the onslaught. For a certainty Agra, our garrisons in Lucknow, Dinapore, Allahabad and Benares, would all have been swept away, and perhaps Fort William itself would have been overwhelmed and captured by the enemy. Little did we then know, as we longed and prayed for the speedy fall of Delhi, that the keeping together there of some 50,000 rebels, month after month, was our salvation. When at last Delhi did fall, and the rebels came down on the country as a flood, Sir Colin Campbell had come up country, and with 20,000 faithful troops he was able and ready to scatter the rebels, and in this we see the Hand of God.

I shall now notice a blunder in an opposite direction, from which we were mercifully preserved. After the brave efforts of our troops, for about three months, before Delhi, with little or no real result, they became disheartened, and it was seriously contemplated in camp, for some days, that it would be well to *abandon* Delhi and use our troops elsewhere, Genl. Wilson, who then commanded, was of a timid disposition and he was on the verge of giving up the task of taking the city in utter despair. Nor need we wonder at it if we consider the tremendous difficulty of the work, and the small force we had then to do it with. But it was a great mercy that the siege was not raised. For the British Force to have retreated from the Ridge would have been a terrible disaster, it would for ever have destroyed the prestige of English arms in India. It would have been a certain signal for Princes and people in India to rise *en masse*, and had this taken place, India would have been lost to the English.

From this also we were delivered, Sir John Lawrence, the "Lion of the Punjab," gave such a Roar of warning that there was no resisting it, and this, backed up by other gallant souls

in the camp, settled the question which was quivering in the balance, that come what may, there was to be *no retreat*. British soldiers can die, but cannot retreat before rebels. Not long after this Sir John Lawrence sent down his last reinforcement of 2,500* men, commanded by the brave John Nicholson, when courage rose in the camp, and shortly after Delhi fell at our feet, and the rebels were scattered, no longer to meet as a Bengal Army.

I will just mention one other instance of *Restraining* power put upon the enemy after our troops had entered Delhi on the 14th of September.

After our troops entered Delhi the rebels thought that the last chance they had was to disable our troops with *strong drink*. Barrels of beer and thousands of bottles of brandy were scattered all over the city, and as soon as our troops had finished the fight on the first day they readily fell into this snare set for them. We had as yet taken but a part of the city, and there were thousands of rebels still inside contesting for victory.

That terrible night the great majority of our troops were too drunk to move, and had the enemy taken advantage of the opportunity as cunningly as they had laid the trap, we would have lost Delhi after the assault. God in His providence, by some means unknown to us, kept back the cunning foe from attacking our drunken soldiers, and this saved us. The next morning an order was issued to destroy both barrels and bottles, and the streets of Delhi were streaming with beer and brandy before most of the troops had aroused from their sottish slum-

* On the 7th of August, Brigadier General Nicholson arrived in camp, with the following troops :—

2nd Punjab Infantry	700
H. M's. 66th (a wing)	400
Belooch Battalion (a wing)	400
4th Punjab Infantry	600
H. M's. 8th, two Companies	200
4th Sikhs, one Company	100
Dawe's Troops	100

2,500

bers. So serious was this danger that General Wilson proposed to vacate the city and to fall back upon the camp. But this was so strongly opposed that the General yielded to the wishes of more daring spirits who reminded him of the words of the intrepid Clive, who said of war in India, "*To stand still is danger, to retreat is ruin.*" Our gallant Force persevered, and in a few days the whole of Delhi was again in the possession of the English. The old King was captured, and three of the rebel Princes were shot by the intrepid Major Hodson, and the mutineers were put to flight.

III. *The Helping Hand of God.*—I need not dwell on the well known fact that when the Sepoy Army revolted, the English in India were taken at a terrible disadvantage. They had lost at one blow that military arm on which they chiefly relied for the protection of the country. And more than this, that military power by which they ruled the millions of India was not only lost to the Rulers but it was also turned against them, and that in such a terrific and unexpected manner, that it may be well considered a miracle of wonders that the blow did not annihilate the British power in India. While the country swarmed with Sepoys from Calcutta to Peshawar, we had at the time but a mere handful of British soldiers to quell the rebellion.

While rebels in thousands flocked from all parts of India, month after month, to join their comrades at Delhi, we had not a single soldier to send to the rebellious city from Bengal, and had it not been for the Punjab the rebel Sepoys in Delhi would have had it all their own way, at least for months to come.

Punjab.—Little perhaps did that great Viceroy, Lord Dalhousie, think when he conquered the Punjab and annexed it to British territory, chiefly by the help of Hindustani Sepoys, that he was thus in the providence of God, preparing a power to punish and to conquer the very rebels by whose aid he had subjugated the people of the Punjab. But so it proved to be, and this came about in several ways. First, while the Government

thought they could leave Bengal and the N.-W. to the guardian care of native soldiers, it was felt that this policy would not answer at the Frontier and in a Province but recently conquered; there we were bound to have a strong European force in case of any urgent need. The consequence was that while other parts of India had but few British troops, Peshawar and the Punjab had a strong European Force, which came of special use to reconquer Delhi, and to put down the Hindustani revolt. Beside this we had in the North a large number of Punjabi soliders in the service of Government. These men are a brave and warlike race of people, and they had a strong grudge against the Sepoys of Bengal, for it was chiefly by their help that the English conquered the Sikhs and annexed the Punjab. They felt that nothing would gratify them more than to be led in battle against the "*Poorbiah Pandies*"—the name they gave the rebels by way of contempt for them and it means in English, "Eastern Brahmins." The Punjabi Sikh soldiers were so delighted to march against the "Pandi" rebels that they would toss their turbans in the air with joy, shouting as they did so, '*Jai Company Bahadur Ko*'—i. e., "Victory to the Honorable Company." I would not say that they loved the English, but I can say that they hated the "*Pandies*." It is also just possible that they were influenced by one other motive, and that was, the coveted "*looting*" they looked forward to in the sacking of the rich city of Delhi. Anyhow, we found them in our emergency (if not from a very pure spirit of loyalty) a most willing and a most valuable help in our struggle with rebels at Delhi. The Punjabi force was no small acquisition to our British camp before Delhi. They numbered over two thousand men,* and they were splendid soldiers. These men fought well, both to defend the

* "Guides" Infantry	275
1st Punj : do	725
4th Sikh do	345
1st Punj : Cavalry	148
2nd do do	110
3rd do do	116
Punj : Artillery	300
Do Sappers and Miners	264

2,283

camp on the Ridge, to assault the city of Delhi, and afterwards to suppress the mutineers in Oudh and Rohilkhand.

Nor was this the only help we got from the North. *Local Levies* were raised by Sir John Lawrence and others, from the frontier tribes, which did us good service, both in the Punjab and before Delhi. From these were formed the celebrated "Hodson's Horse" which did such noble service in the Mutiny. These were men we got on a push and at a time when we could not get a single native recruit, either in Bengal or the N.-W., and thus we see how in the Providence of God, the annexation of the Punjab, but a few years before the Mutiny, became the recruiting ground for a faithful native force, by the help of which we were able to conquer the Sepoy rebels. Is it not a remarkable fact that while we conquered the Punjab by the help of Hindustani troops, we put down the Hindustani rebels by the help of Punjabi soldiers, and can we not in this also see the Hand of God.

The fourth help we got from the Punjab was, *Munitions of War* to retake Delhi. Were it not for the Forts of Ferozepore and Phillour we would have had neither siege guns nor powder and shot to attack the rebels in Delhi, but these Forts being so well stocked with the materials for war, and the way from them to Delhi being open, we had no difficulty either in finding plenty of material or in conveying them to the place they were wanted, and here also we see Providence on our side.

The last, though not the least, help we found in the Punjab was the *brave and noble MEN*, who, above all others, were the honoured instruments in the hand of God to quench the blast of the Bengal rebellion. Who can think of the honoured names of John Lawrence, Herbert Edwards, Robert Montgomery, Donald McLeod, or Generals John Nicholson, Neville Chamberlain, Sydney Cotton, Van Cortland, or of Majors Lumsden, Greathead, Daly, and the intrepid Hodson, and other such undaunted warriors, without an acclamation of wonder and surprise, and such a perfect galaxy of heroes, both civil and military. Sir John Lawrence stood almost alone, as a Tower of strength in the storm, and under God,

it may be said that he then proved the Saviour of India. When the brave Chamberlain arrived in the camp before Delhi, the Officers said that his presence was as good as a thousand soldiers; and when in the month of August the undaunted John Nicholson was sent down to Delhi, Sir John Lawrence said that his loss to the Punjab was equal to ten regiments of soldiers, while the daring deeds of Hodson made his course as a flaming meteor from Peshawar to Lucknow, where he fell a martyr to the Mutiny, as John Nicholson did in the assault of Delhi. Such were the heroes that God had in reserve for the dark days of the Indian Mutiny. And here let me add, that we see no less the hand of God in the daring deeds and the brilliant exploits, accomplished elsewhere by such daring spirits as Generals Neill, Havelock, Outram, Inglis, Sir Hugh Rose, Sir Colin Campbell, and the gallant Captain Peel of the ship "Shannon," with his "Naval Brigade." All these and many other such heroes came to the front as men specially raised up by God to meet the terrible emergency of the Indian Mutiny. And perhaps the best and noblest of them all, was the lamented Sir Henry Lawrence, who, although then at Lucknow, may be regarded as the ruling spirit of that brave band of Godly men given us by the Punjab. I must not also omit to mention the timely aid we received at this time from *Native Princes* in the Punjab. I have already shown how Indian Princes were restrained from turning against us in our trouble; but this was not all. Some of them were able to give us active and valuable help. Without the co-operation of the Rajahs of Patiala, Jhind, and Nabha, it would have been almost impossible for us to keep the road open from the Punjab to Delhi. The Rajah of Patiala sent 5,000 of his troops to protect Umballa and Kurnaul, as well as to keep the Trunk Road to Delhi clear of rebels, and he lent us money to carry on the war. The Rajah of Jhind did not hesitate to leave his own State and to march to our help at Delhi, and the Rajah of Nabha supplied an escort to the siege train, and gallantly opposed the "Pandi" rebels at Jullunder. *None* of these were first class Princes, but they did what they could, and I am happy to say that the English Government nobly rewarded them with addi-

tional titles and territories as well as a handsome sum of money. Patiala got £20,000. Jhind £12,000 and Nabha £11,000, to show the gratitude of the English Government to faithful friends in a time of need.

We have also the case, of at least one independent Native State, with its undaunted General Jung Bahadur, who did not hesitate to march down to the help of the British at Lucknow with nine thousand brave little Goorkha troops who did noble service.

It seems a Providence that not long before, Jung Bahadur had been to England. There he had been kindly received, and had seen the wealth and the power of the English, which no doubt tended to confirm his fidelity to us in the day of trouble. He was sorely tempted by the Begum of Oudh to forsake our cause and join the rebels, but his reply was "The star of the British Nation shines as bright as the sun in every quarter of the Globe, and if you are wise, submit to its authority." No enchantment from Oudh could induce him to forsake the British Nation, and we are not to forget that we had fifteen-hundred faithful Goorkha troops in our camp before Delhi, bearing with our own soldiers the burden and heat of the day,

I shall now just allude to a remarkable event. It was of great importance that the column of British troops ordered from Meerut should join the force coming down from the Punjab as soon as possible. The Meerut column was commanded by General Wilson. When it arrived at the river Hindon, some fifteen miles from Delhi, they met a rebel force and there was hard fighting from the opposite banks of the river. The suspension bridge was protected by a gun in the hands of the enemy, and the difficulty was to cross the river. Some of our brave troops resolved to take the bridge, when the rebels at once applied the port fire, but the gun did not go off, again they tried but in vain. By that time our soldiers were across, and the rebels were put to flight. When the gun was examined it was found

that the rebels had, in their haste, put in the grape shots first and the powder after ; this blunder gave us the victory and cleared the road for the Meerut column to march on to join the Force coming down from the Punjab. They met on the the 6th of June, and took possession of the Ridge to the west of Delhi, this battle of the Hindon was our first conflict with the rebels and our first victory over them. We thus see that though not a single soldier came up from Bengal, Madras or Bombay for the great struggle before Delhi, yet we were able, with a force that came from the Punjab and the column from Meerut, not only to keep our hold on the Ridge for some four months while attacked over and over again by overwhelming rebel forces from the city, but also ultimately by the help of God to wrench the stronghold from the hands of the enemy.

Let us now see how God sent us timely help from *another* quarter. British soldiers were needed not only to take Delhi, but also to relieve Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow and Agra, all of which stations were in imminent danger. But where was the help to come from ? I shall now allude to two striking instances of the Providence of God in sending us help from places where a short time before we could least of all expect it.

England had newly entered upon a war with Persia, and a large number of our Indian troops had been sent to that country. Had this war continued, all these soldiers and officers would have been lost to India in the time of the Mutiny. But strange to say, *quite unexpectedly* and before the public in England knew anything about it, on the 4th of March 1857 a treaty of peace was signed between England and Persia in Paris. This treaty was ratified by the Shah in Persia on the 14th of April, and on the 9th of May (the day before the Mutiny in Meerut) Sir James Outram, who commanded the Persian Force, was able to tell the troops that the war was over, and in a few days afterwards Outram and Havelock, with a number of other officers and men, embarked

for India, and when they arrived they found that their services were needed to put down the Sepoy Revolt. Can we not see in this the Hand of God?

Of this remarkable event Sir John Kaye in his history of the Sepoy War writes.

“Of all the beautiful illustrations of God’s Providence, working on our behalf, which that eventful year witnessed, *this* was perhaps the most signal.

It was a merciful deliverance beyond the power of words fully to express.”—Vol. II., page 279.

Let me now notice another singular instance of Divinely-provided help in this time of need. At this very time English troops were on their way for service in China, and strange to say, on the very day that news arrived in Bombay of Mutiny in Meerut, General Ashburnham, the Commander of the force and Lord Elgin the Envoy from the British Government, arrived in Bombay on their way to China. Lord Canning had sent an urgent request that the Chinese force should be diverted from its intended destination, and be brought as quickly as possible to our help in India. The troops were to call at Singapore, and Lord Elgin hastened there to meet them. As soon as they arrived he immediately sent off two regiments to Calcutta, and sent a message to the Viceroy to say, that in case further help should be required from the Chinese force it would be sent on. Lord Elgin then went on to Hong-Kong but when he found that India was still in danger, he started off in July for Calcutta and took with him fifteen-hundred seamen and marines in the war steamers “Shannon” and “Pearl”; and I need not tell you of the invaluable service which this “Naval brigade” and marines rendered in the Mutiny, under the gallant command of Captain Peel, who with his brave men rendered such noble help in conquering the rebels at Cawnpore and Lucknow. And can we not in all this behold the helping Hand of God in a time of urgent need? We have indeed so many instances

of this in the history of the Sepoy War that it would take a volume to notice them all at any length. Suffice it to say that though in the beginning of the month of March 1857 we had but one English Regiment between Calcutta and Agra, yet by all these unexpected helps within eight months, there arrived in Calcutta (irrespective of any plans laid in England to help us in the Mutiny) no less than twenty regiments beside Artillery.*

Well then might the English in India at that time have raised their "Ebenezer" of praise and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Retribution.—I have time to dwell but very briefly on the *Retributive Hand of God in the Mutiny.*

One instance of it we may see in the Self-destruction of the *Bengal Army*. This army was composed chiefly of bigoted Brahmins and high caste Rajpoots, who rendered the English Government simple mercenary service. At heart, they had not a spark of loyalty to their Christian Rulers. They hated both the Creed and the colour of their masters and submitted to serve the Company simply for the pay and the pension, and the social position it gave them, as servants of the State, among their own people. The Bengal Sepoy was not only proud of his Caste and his position but he looked down with secret contempt upon his rulers and officers, as an unclean race of people who fed on swines' flesh, and who cared for nothing nobler than wealth, wine and whisky.

* In June H. M.'s 35th, 37th, 64th and 78th with Artillery.

In July the 5th Fusiliers, 90th Foot and a Wing of the 29th.

In August the 59th Foot. A Military train and Naval Brigade from Hong Kong.

In September 21st, Welsh Fusiliers, 93rd Highlanders and four Regiments of Madras Infantry, with detachments of Artillery and Engineers.

In October, 82nd Foot, the 48th and recruits for the East India Company's service.

Yea, more than this, the Bengal Sepoys had become petulant and insolent, and on many occasions insubordinate. They took advantage of the fact that the English needed them and that they were the chief guardians of the country for the East India Company, and as they knew that their masters could not dispense with their services, they felt very independent, and as far as the general rôle of the army was concerned, they did pretty much as they liked themselves ; in fact they were more Masters than servants. They would not allow low caste recruits to enter their lines. They insisted upon all manner of indulgences, they would haggle about the amount of "batta" they would get in case their services were required anywhere out of Bengal or the North-West of India, and they absolutely refused to go on service anywhere beyond the sea, even as far as Burmah. The fact of the matter was this, while the East India Company ruled India, the Sepoy army ruled the Company ; so that Brahminical bigotry, shielded by military strength, was the Ruling power in India. And what was the result ? Simply this—A *dead block* to all progress, both social and religious. The Sepoy would neither send a child to a Government school himself nor allow any of his people to do so. No Missionary dared preach the gospel near the Sepoy Lines. Christianity was abhorred and Christians were despised as "Pariahs," or an unclean race, and no Christian convert was suffered to remain in a Sepoy regiment. The Sepoys were the stronghold of idolatry in Bengal and they claimed no end of favours to foster Caste and to uphold superstition. In short this rebellious Army had for years been a "rock of offence," standing in the way of the Kingdom of God in India, and while it held the political power it did in the Council of the State, there was no hope of the social and spiritual salvation of the country, No doubt this Army had, in the providence of God, served a purpose and had its own part to play in the subjugation of India to a Christian power. But now it had become an obstruction in the way of truth, and a hindrance to the Gospel of Christ ; it was therefore suffered by God to become the victim

of a "strong delusion," which drove it to a frenzy of fear ending in revolt and self-destruction. One stands in utter astonishment at the thought that a proud and petted Army of 100,000 men, the growth of a hundred years, should have vanished away like smoke in the course of a few months. But so it was. The terror of the country; the dread of the East India Company; the stronghold of idolatry—and the pride of the "*Pandies*" was swept away, as in a moment, into the vortex of that terrible revolt, into which it sank and perished; and those who have eyes that can see, will not fail to behold in the catastrophe the hidden Hand of the Almighty.

The Retribution of the *East India Company* is not less evident.

God doubtless gave India to the English to raise the Country from the pit of heathen pollution to the platform of Christian privileges and to the knowledge of the way of life, but the East India Company so far from doing this, did quite the contrary. Their greed of gold got the better of their godliness, and the Court of Directors thought much more of their dividends than of the good of the people. God, who had given them the country, they ignored. His Truth they dreaded, lest it should offend the Sepoys. Idolatry they patronized to please the heathen army. They held India for themselves, not for the people, nor yet for God; and what was the result? Just the same as in days of old, when Israel would serve idols, and God gave them over to the power of idol worshippers, to reap the bitter fruits of the seeds of sin which they had sown themselves. And so here, the petted Sepoy of the E. I. Co. became a ravening wolf; and fancying itself agrieved, it turns round and rends asunder the very power that had pampered its prejudices. And what did all the mischief? The Company dreaded the Bible—they dreaded the Missionaries—they dreaded the abolition of heathen abominations.

But did any of *these* bring on the Mutiny? No! the mischief was done *by themselves*. And what a trifling matter kindled

such a devouring fire. Only the change of a Musket. Only a new rifle. Only a fresh cartridge. The Company thought that this would add new power to the Sepoys, and give additional strength to their rule in India. But strange to say, the very article which they thought would establish their power, was made use of to upset their rule, and to abolish their authority for ever. The lurid light of the Mutiny brought into prominent light the sins of the Company.

The "Princely Merchants" of Leadenhall Street were put in the balance of public opinion and found wanting, and on the 2nd of August 1858 a Bill was introduced into the British Parliament by which the pomp and the power of the once "Honorable Company" was swept away as chaff before the wind. The unfaithful Masters in London and the petted Sepoys in India were both overwhelmed by the *debris* of that wreck and ruin which they had brought upon themselves and in which we cannot but see the righteous Retribution of The Most High.

Let me just touch on two instances of *personal* retribution in the Mutiny. After the English had taken Delhi it was found that the "*Shahzàdàs*" (*i. e.* the King's sons) had killed a number of helpless Christians with their own hands, and they had ordered the bodies of these victims to be exhibited on the platform of the City Police Office, and now mark—after Major Hodson had shot three of these sons of the King of Delhi, *their* bodies were taken to the *very platform* on which the bodies of Christians had been exposed, a singular coincidence.

There was another strange incident in Delhi worthy of notice. Twenty rebels had been put into prison over night, who were to be hung the next morning. When they were brought out it was found that one had escaped. As they were being marched off to the gallows the officer in charge saw a man drawing water at a well, and gave orders to have him brought to make up the twenty. Some one said, "Perhaps he is not a rebel, why should you hang him"?

The stern reply was "No doubt he is at heart a rebel, and perhaps a murderer too." The man was hung, and, strange to say, evidence soon came forward to prove that he had murdered a Christian lady with his own hands. I mention this as a singular instance of how retribution follows the guilty.

V. *The Overruling Hand of God*—In the wisdom of God we find, that the Mutiny, sad as it was, was overruled for good and gracious purposes. First of all, the result of the Mutiny staggered the faith of the Mahomedans of India in their Prophet. No doubt the Mahomedans were the chief promoters of the revolt. They took advantage of the fears of the Sepoys to fan the flames of the Mutiny. They encouraged the Mahomedan troopers to rush into a religious war in the name of the Prophet. They unfurled the green flag of the Moslem Religion, and their war cry was "*Deen ! Deen ! i. e.,* "Fight for the Faith." The great argument for courage was this. "The Prophet is with us (they said,) "and we must conquer." I was told by those who were then in Delhi, that in the great Juma Musjid, the Moslem Priests kept praying day by day to Mahomed for victory over the "*Kaffirs,*" *i. e.,* Heretics. Yea more, the Prophet was put on his trial, and he was challenged to show his superiority, as the Priests said—"If thou art greater than Jesus of Nazareth, show it now by giving us the victory over the Nazarenes, and if thou fail in this, what shall they say, and how can we prove, that our Prophet is equal to Jesus the Son of Mary." So that the honor of Mahomed and the glory of his religion were thus put at stake, and when with all the advantages of the rebels, the English still conquered in battle, a blow was given to the faith of the Moslems of India, which shook the Mahomedan religion to its foundations.

Again, the Mutiny was overruled to shake the faith of the Hindoos in their holy *Shastars*. This came about in a strange manner. Some shrewd and calculating Brahmins thought they could make capital for their holy books from the fact that the Mutiny year was the *century* of our rule in India. It was

just a hundred years since Clive fought the battle of Plassey in 1757. These Brahmins thought, that if they gave out that the Hindoo *Shasters* contained a prophecy that the English would reign in India just one hundred years and no more, that that would not only encourage the Sepoys to try and turn the English out of the country, but it would also confirm their faith in their holy books. This prophecy was proclaimed far and wide and was believed by hundreds of thousands. But when after all the British Arms triumphed, and the British power was re-established on a firmer basis than ever in India, the Hindoos turned round upon their Brahmins and asked: "How can we believe the *Shastars*, which prophecy lies?" This deception shook the faith of thousands of Hindoos in their religion.

Another happy result of the Mutiny was the *abolition* of *Caste* in the Native Army. *Caste* had for centuries been the bane of India and a barrier to every improvement in the land and this strong tyranny had a powerful sway in the Bengal Army. But the hydra-headed monster has received a blow from which it will never recover. We now see men of *all* Castes side by side in our Sepoy regiments. The Soodra is as good a soldier as the Brahmin, and the Native Christian as good a man as the Rajpoot. All now stand on a level, and *Caste* and *Creed* in this respect are ignored by the Government of the Empress of India.

Before the Mutiny the Native Christian was looked upon as a renegade, unfit for any public service simply because he was a "Convert." But when the Government saw that the Native Converts were the only Natives they could trust in time of need, the Christians were in great demand, and found no difficulty in finding employment, so that now (all other things being equal) the Christian Convert has as good a chance to get on as any other native, and this alone has removed a mighty difficulty in the way of the people of this country to forsake idolatry and to turn to the Living and True God.

We have, I think, one other aspect of Divine interposition not only in the punishment of the faithless, but also in the *honor and reward* bestowed upon those who had been *faithful and true*. The fact that the chief instruments to reconquer India to the British were men who were not ashamed of the Religion of Christ in a heathen land, goes to prove that *God honours those who honour Him*.

Others no doubt had a hand in the work, but the *Leading spirits* were decided *Christian men* who feared God. Who can think of the heroic valour of such men as John and Henry Lawrence; Herbert Edwards, Henry Havelock, Donald McLeod, Robert Montgomery, Baird Smith, John Nicholson, James Neile and James Outram, as well as Hope Grant and other such Christian Heroes, but must confess that *these* were pre-eminently *the* men who, under God, hurled back the flood of revolt and saved India from a deluge of general ruin.

And *why* did God use his own Servants to do this work. Was it not to teach us that India was given back to us that we might, through the Gospel, fit it to shine as a glorious *Kohi-Noor*, to adorn the Redemptive Crown of that "King of glory" who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever?

THE END.



